THE LITERARY DIGEST

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXXI, No 6 — New York, November 5, 1921 — Whole Number 1646

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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MR. HARDING'S BRITISH-AMERICAN "DOCTRINE"

WHEN GROVER CLEVELAND TWISTED the British lion's tail, in a dispute over a Venezuelan boundary, so vigorously that war seemed imminent, little attention was paid to Arthur Balfour's prophecy of a new British-American doctrine that would some day be formulated. Said Mr. Balfour, speaking in the British Parliament in that crucial hour that is now twenty-five years behind us: "The time will come, the time must come, when some one, some statesman more fortunate even than President Monroe, will lay down the doctrine that between English-speaking peoples war is impossible." Is Mr. Balfour one of those rare prophets who live to see their prophecy fulfilled? President Harding, speaking at Yorktown on October 19, at the spot where the British General, Lord Cornwallis, surrendered his forces to General Washington one hundred and forty years ago, declared that to-day a breach of the peace between this country and Great Britain is "unthinkable."

HOW NOT TO ENCOURAGE REDUCTION OF ARMAMENTS.
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

In this declaration he finds himself in head-on collision with the published convictions of George Bernard Shaw, Horatio Bottomley, William Randolph Hearst, and a considerable part of the Irish-American journals. Nevertheless, his words seem to find a wide and cordial welcome in the American press. "The President reflected practically the unanimous sentiment of the American people," says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "did no more than give voice to the sentiment of all sensible persons of both countries who have given thought to the subject," remarks the Columbia *Record*. "We like to think that this is the American attitude," says the Charleston *Gazette*, "and we repeat, coming at this time, it is a very wise policy." Similar expressions are found in papers from Norfolk, Detroit, Toledo, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and New York. In Canada the Montreal *Herald* welcomes this evidence that "Mr. Harding sees the light," and the London, Ontario, *Advertiser* exclaims enthusiastically: "More power to the speaker, be he President of the United States or the humblest layman in the constituency, who has vision enough to reiterate to the point of monotony that another break in the friendly relations between United States and Great Britain is unthinkable." "By emphasizing the supreme necessity of close union between the United States and Great Britain the President strikes at the heart of the peace problem," declares the New York *Tribune*. But, urging that we show respect for a great cause by candor, it goes on to say:

"It is said war between the two peoples is unthinkable. Would it were so. But, alas! too many not only think it but talk of it. More than one generation of petty American politicians have devoted themselves to twisting the British lion's tail.

"Sometimes it has been to hoodwink those whose emotional center is Ireland, and recently it has been to cater to those whose major interest is Germany. In every conceivable way there have been attempts to keep alive feelings born of the misdeeds of George III, of the War of 1812, and of the unhandsome behavior of many British leaders when disunion threatened the life of the Republic. Public men might be friends to Great Britain in their closets, but not on the stump.

"Men and women who have recognized that a statute of limitations runs against memory of old wrongs and have seen that it was peculiarly desirable to have concords between peoples which in many things are strikingly alike have been browbeaten—attacked as Anglomaniacs, as contemptible imitators of alien ways. To dwell on the good qualities of other peoples was permissible, but Great Britain was always bad. Thomas Jefferson, ignoring the outrages he had catalogued, wrote before his death that he would rather have good relations with Great Britain than with any other Power, and exprest a hope, if war ever came to us, that we would fight on the same side with our former foe.

"But Jefferson was about the last American statesman to express such opinions. It has been a convention of our politics that robust verbal antagonism to Great Britain was safe. Indeed, one vainly racks memory to recall another American President who has spoken as President Harding did at Yorktown. . . .

"Great Britain seems to have permanently shaken off her old anti-American psychology. All her parties and elements join in wooing America. In return we must, if we would have peace, conquer the remains of any Anglophobia that still grip us—must subdue the prejudices such as Hearst foments."

Turning for a moment to those sections of our press that are dubious concerning the President's Yorktown doctrine, we find the New York *Irish World* exclaiming ironically: "What a consolation it will be to the people of the United States, when the

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blow falls, that their President had found it unthinkable!" Another Irish-American journal, the New York *Gaelic American*, characterizes the President's picture of the relation between the United States and Great Britain as "wholly fanciful," and argues

U. S.
POLITICAL CAFE
LYING, ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA DOPE
THE TRUTH: EVERY SANE PERSON KNOWS THAT BRITAIN IS THE STAUNCHEST FRIEND UNCLE SAM HAS IN THE WORLD TODAY
ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP
INTERNATIONAL MISCHIEF BREEDER
RACEY

THE TREACHEROUS DOPER.

Look out for this chap, Samuel! He masquerades as a patriot.

—Racey in the Montreal *Star*.

that the marine rivalry between these two great Powers "must ultimately lead to war." It goes on to say:

"Nobody wants war, but peace can only be ensured, for a time, by the United States ceasing to contest English Commercial Supremacy and her Mastery of the Sea. If President Harding does not know this, he has misread history and wofully misunderstands the present world situation."

In the same frame of mind the New York *Sinn Feiner* remarks that "whenever international statesmen are found throwing bouquets at each other, it is a sure sign that there is something wrong; they are trying to stave off something which they believe should not occur at the moment." And it goes on to warn its readers that "the prime purpose of the approaching Washington Conference is not disarmament." As *The Sinn Feiner* sees it:

"International 'experts' are moving heaven and earth to get the United States into an alliance with the British Empire. To bring about this the British Empire is willing to throw over Japan, or, at any rate, to scrap the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

"We say to the gentlemen in Washington that such a scheme can not be consummated. We say to them that the American people are resentful at the monstrous expenditure of their money occasioned by the bringing together of this confab.

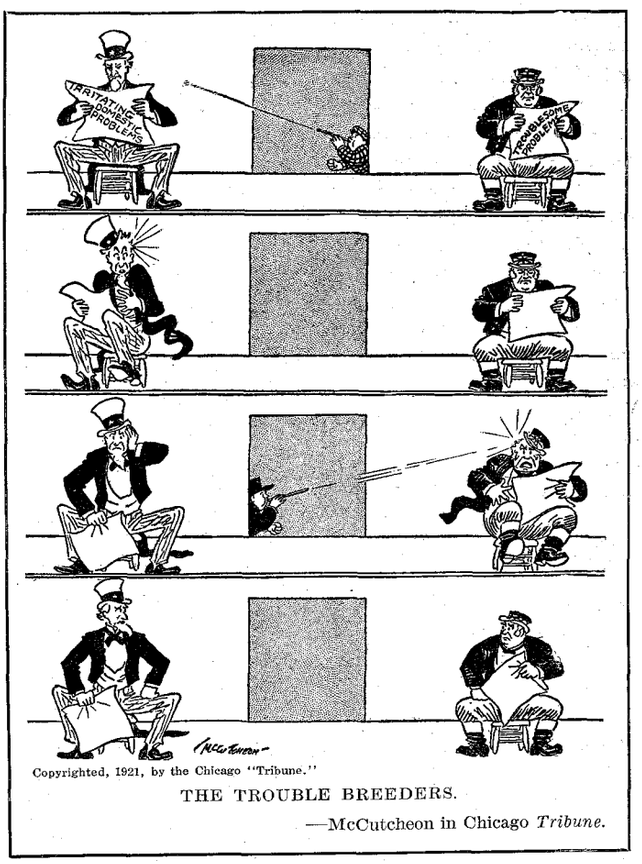
"Secret intrigue will never assure world peace. On the contrary secret intrigue is an unfailing breeder of war."

"We have no desire to interfere with or obstruct Anglo-American friendship," says the Philadelphia *Irish Press*, "but it must be friendship of the right kind, not an imperialistic screen." The German-American *New Yorker Herold* characterizes the President's utterance as "a pious wish," and adds: "As a matter of fact the peoples push hard against each other in space, and their separate interests bring about conflicts without concerning themselves with pious wishes." "Unthinkable things have repeatedly happened in history," the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us; and the Chicago *Daily News* says of war between this country and Great Britain: "It is the imperative duty of both countries to make it unthinkable and impossible by removing its potential and probable causes."

A few days after President Harding's Yorktown speech Lord Northcliffe, speaking in Manila, declared that "despite slight surface difficulties, the English-speaking peoples of the world are insensibly drawing near to each other." And he added significantly: "The process will be greatly accelerated by any sign of hostile action from the peoples of the Far East."

In his address at Yorktown the President said that American participation in world affairs was "inevitable," and exprest a hope that general cooperation "to the common good" would usher in a new day of international relationship. At the same time he sounded a warning against the impairment of national sovereignty in the name of international unity. Of our past and future relations with Great Britain he said, speaking on the spot where the Revolutionary War was won:

"We must not claim for the New World, certainly not for our Colonies alone, all the liberal thought of a century and a half ago. There were liberal views and attending sympathy in England and a passionate devotion to more liberal tendencies in France. The triumph of freedom in the American Colonies greatly strengthened liberal views in the Old World. Inevitably this liberal public opinion, deliberate and grown dominant, brought Great Britain and America to a policy of accommodation and pacific adjustment for all our differences. There has been honorable and unbroken peace for more than a century, we came to common sacrifice and ensanguined association in the World War, and a further breach of our peaceful and friendly relations is unthinkable. In the trusteeship of preserving civilization we were naturally arrayed together, and the convictions of a civilization worthy of that costly preservation will exalt peace and warn against conflict for all time to come.



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THE TROUBLE BREEDERS.

—McCutcheon in Chicago *Tribune*.

"Our thoughts have lately been concerned with those events which made history on the scale of a world, rather than of a continent. Yet the lesson is the same. It is the lesson of real interdependence among the nations which lead civilization."

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Wide World Photo.

PEOPLE OF BUDAPEST STREWING FLOWERS IN THE PATH OF ADMIRAL HORTHY, REGENT OF HUNGARY.

Horthy's defeat and capture of Charles rather damps the early rumors that he was merely keeping the throne warm for his return.

THE FORLORN HAPSBURG HOPE

"IMPERIAL SPRING FEVER" was the excuse brought forward by the New York *Tribune* last March when former Emperor Charles failed to regain the Hungarian throne. That attempt, cables the Vienna correspondent of the New York *Times*, "was a burlesque; his October coup has resulted in a tragedy, for Charles now stands at the end of all his hopes. He has not only lost his crown, but the claims of his dynasty to the throne will be forfeited." Furthermore, declares the president of Switzerland, "the door of this country are definitely closed to him." Having for the second time broken his formal promise to refrain from political activity and not to abuse the asylum Switzerland accorded him, the former emperor is now a man without either a country or a home. Few seem surprized at his attempt, but at least his method of transportation was a novel one—for kings. "He came as 'the man on horseback' should come in this day and generation," thinks the Syracuse *Post-Standard*.

About noon of October 20th the former emperor, his wife, and two others seated themselves in a large airplane near Zurich and were carried over the Swiss Alps and down the Danube past Vienna to Odenburg, the chief city of Burgenland, a distance of several hundred miles. Here Charles was hailed as Hungary's king by approximately 15,000 insurgent Hungarian troops. The events which quickly followed were a disastrous clash with troops of Admiral Horthy's Hungarian Government, and the capture and internment of Charles and his wife. As the New York *Evening World* puts it, "Charles was a Hapsburg, doomed to go down, like the rest of the Hapsburgs, in a vain struggle with a Europe that has outgrown them."

"What made the present moment favorable was the agitation in Hungary over the award to Austria of the border territory of Burgenland," notes the Springfield *Republican*. "With much to gain, and apparently little to lose, he might have been expected to make another venture," remarks the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Then, too, suggest foreign editors, Charles probably believed that neither France nor Italy would actually send troops into Hungary to prevent his return. Austria has denied Charles and his descendants all right to the throne of Austria, but he was still the titular King of Hungary. Yet, points out the Philadelphia *Record*, he must have known that his return would be opposed by Roumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, "all of which acquired large blocks of Hungarian territory in its partial dismemberment, and which now constitute the Little Entente." With Austria they entirely surround Hungary, which could make no effective resistance to their concerted action. Moreover, adds the Providence *Journal:*

"Great Britain and France are intimately concerned because the restoration of Charles would give the friends of William Hohenzollern a good excuse for trying to set him up again at Berlin. The Bulgarian Royalists might also seek to recall Ferdinand, and the whole structure of peace with victory would then be in danger of collapse.

"It is probable that within the borders of Hungary the opposition to Charles is stronger than his support. Admiral Horthy, who became Regent with the understanding that he would remain in office only as long as the Allies were against the King's return, has not been idle during the last two years. He has built up his own political machine and won over most of the Hungarian Army. He is ambitious; indeed, there is good reason to believe that he has designs upon the throne. Naturally, therefore, under pretense of acceding to the wishes of the Allies, he is opposed to a Royalist return."

"The case of Charles is not like that of Constantine," explains the New York *Globe*. "Charles, it will be remembered, is the leader of the house which precipitated the World War, and while he is not a forceful personality, his traditions and ideas are dangerous to the peace of Central Europe. Charles is not a Napoleon, but a fool can light a fire as well as a genius."

Nevertheless, points out the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, "the suspicion that the restoration of Charles to the throne is only a question of time, in view of European diplomatic dickering and military strategy, will not down." As we read in the Troy *Record:*

"The life figuratively went out of Austria and Hungary with the fall of the proud and historic House of Hapsburg. Charles is the legitimate representative of that House, and there unquestionably is very intense and wide-spread sentiment in his favor in both Hungary and Austria. Such sentiment only awaits the opportunity for expressing itself. That is why such a sudden move as that made by Charles is always apt to meet with success. History repeats itself, and we may expect monarchies to be overthrown and monarchies to be restored. Democracies are not made in a day; they are the result of long training. Europe, in spite of the war and in spite of the idealism the United States carried to Europe, remains monarchical in thought and precedent."

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RAILWAY WAGE FACTS

RAILWAY WAGES, the Conference on Unemployment found, "are 126 points above the 1913 level, while union wages in general are about 89 points above." In fact, avers the Newark *News*, "the average railroad employee to-day gets more than twice what he got six years ago, while the rank and file of American workers are enjoying no such increase. And the brotherhoods are bent upon making permanent the highest wages ever paid, wages that were increased because of the advanced cost of living." Yet, points out the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "since the middle of last year the cost of living has fallen more than 18 per cent., so these workers are receiving higher real wages than they were when the business depression set in." Instead of resisting a cut, therefore, "railroad labor should get in line with conditions just the same as all other classes of labor and general business," thinks the New York *Commercial*.

But the actual wages earned by railway men are far below those quoted, declares W. Jett Lauck, labor economist, in the New York *Globe*, because the following items are not taken into consideration in working up figures on average railroad labor wages:

1. Overtime, which inflates the average wage figures.
2. Salaries of highly paid officials, which do the same.
3. Irregular employment, which reduces the workers' income.

The president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen gave as additional reasons for the decision to strike in October, "the 12 per cent. wage reduction of July 1; proposed further reductions, and proposed elimination of rules which would mean still further reductions." It is his contention that—

"Railroad transportation employees, even when peak wages were paid, did not receive advanced wages in keeping with the increased living costs. The daily rate paid transportation men was fixed for all classes in the United States in 1913, and regardless of the increased costs of living, there were no increased wages for these employees until January 1, 1918.

"The rate of a freight brakeman between Chicago and New York was $2.67 a day. It does not take long to determine how much could be earned in a month of thirty days at a rate of $2.67 per day. Until January 1, 1918, $80.10 was the princely wage some 50,000-odd railroad men received in what is known as the Eastern Territory. Other wages were in proportion to the wages of the freight brakeman.

"With the reduction in wages of July 1, 1921, the present wage of this employee is $134.40 for 30 days in the month, and he is fortunate, indeed, if he is able to work every day in the month.

"Let it be understood that no transportation wages are paid unless the time is made. It is true that the railway companies show wages earned in much higher amounts than those quoted, but they do not tell that the higher monthly amounts represent full time and overtime."

It was the Railroad Labor Board which gave railway workers a wage increase of approximately 25 per cent. in 1920. As we are told by the Newark *News:*

"The average annual wage of all classes of railroad workers, including unskilled labor, in 1915, was $830. In 1920 it had risen by frequent graduations to $1,908, an increase of 130 per cent. That marked the highest peak of wages in the history of American railroading.

"All classes did not share alike, of course, in the increases, but a few examples will help to make the thing clearer. The average passenger engineer got $2,141 a year six years ago. His present average pay is $3,016. The average freight engineer got $1,864 back in 1915, and now he gets $3,136. Freight and passenger firemen got, respectively, $1,136 and $1,287 then, and now get $2,253 and $2,288. Unskilled labor that got $560 a year in 1915 now receives an average of $1,206."

To understand the present situation, thinks the Springfield *Union*, it is necessary to have in mind the chronological order of recent changes in relation to railroad operation in this country, which began in 1916. In *The Union's* resumé we learn that—

"The condition of the roads was such that for a few years before the war their credit was impaired and their service deteriorated. Such was the situation when the so-called Adamson Law was passed under a threat of the brotherhoods of a general tie-up. Congress, under the influence of the Administration, threw up its hands and passed the bill, which became effective January 1, 1917, or about three months before we entered the war. From a railroad point of view the effect of the law was a blanket increase of about 25 per cent. in wages.

"After the Government took over the railroads on January 1, 1918, labor began to bring pressure on the Railroad Administration, and the first move was General Order No. 27 in May, making both a blanket and a percentage increase in wages, retroactive to January 1. According to Director of Railroads McAdoo at the time, this order increased the total labor cost about $360,000,000 a year. A month later freight rates were increased 30 per cent., which, however, did not offset increased labor costs that so far had amounted to 55 per cent. Another readjustment led to a further large increase in costs of operation through an entire change in labor classification and a minute designation as to the kind of work that could be performed by special classes. Director McAdoo himself admitted that this change added over $200,000,000 a year to costs without any increase in the amount of work done. Railroad executives claim that it was much greater.

"The increasing deficits of railroad operation were made up out of the public treasury, and the next year, September, 1919, came the change that, with the Adamson Law and the reclassification, took the railroads largely out of the hands of managers and foremen, and added still more largely to the costs of operation. This change was the acceptance by the Government of the so-called national agreements. A marked result of these agreements was to secure to the men full or overtime pay for much time in which no work was done.

"On March 1, 1920, Federal control ceased, but regulations were continued to September 1 by the provisions of the Transportation Act, which also established the Labor Board to deal with disputes. Since September the rules and regulations have virtually been continued by the Labor Board, but meantime, July 20, 1920, the Board again increased the wages of railroad employees 21 per cent., retroactive to May 1, 1920, the increase adding $600,000,000 to cost of operation. This was at the height of war inflation and prices. In September the Interstate Commerce Commission granted another increase in rates amounting to about 35 per cent. Last spring the Board declared the termination of the national agreements and directed the railroads and employees to make their own agreements. But as such agreements could not be made, the national agreements are practically in force, for the Board declared the old agreements to be in force until others could be made.

"In May this year the Board authorized a reduction averaging about 12 per cent. in wages, effective July 1. However, the increased cost of labor in operation is not due entirely to increase in wages, but very largely to rules and regulations in the national agreements forced on the Railroad Administration."

AVERAGE DAILY RAIL PAY IN 1917 AND NOW.

(*New York Herald*)

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—Statistics compiled by the United States Railroad Labor Board show that the average daily rate of pay for all grades of railroad employees now is $4.54, compared with $2.87 in 1917. The present rate includes the wage cut of about 12½ per cent., authorized July 1 by the Board.

The following table is taken from Labor Board figures:

	Percentage of cut in July	Percentage still above Dec., 1917, wages.	Average daily rate of pay now.	Average daily rate of pay in 1917.
Supervisory forces	6.3	63.4	$8.01	$5.34
Clerical and station	12.2	64.6	4.18	2.54
Maintenance of way and unskilled	17.4	55.7	3.35	2.15
Shop employees	10.5	54.0	5.47	3.55
Telegraphers, &c	8.9	82.8	4.84	2.65
Engine service employees	9.4	59.9	5.81	3.83
Train service	10.7	64.5	5.35	3.32
Stationary engineers and firemen	12.7	92.3	4.19	2.18
Signal department	10.0	66.6	5.50	3.30
Marine department	9.8	33.3	6.69	5.02

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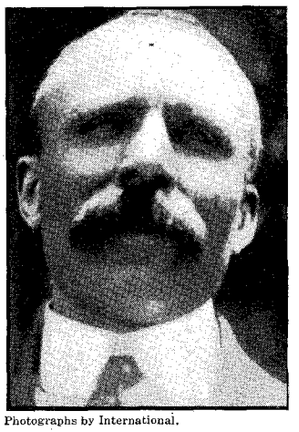
THE ANARCHISTS AND THE AMBASSADOR

THE INSANE MALCONTENT who believes that he can reform the world by bomb-throwing has not altogether disappeared, notes the New York *Evening Mail*, as it comments upon the recent attempt in Paris to "avenge 'comrades' or to terrorize the American courts by killing Ambassador Herrick." The anarchist "comrades" to whom *The Mail* refers are Nicolo Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who were pronounced guilty in the first degree of murdering the paymaster and guard of a Massachusetts shoe factory and escaping with the company's payroll. Both, we are told, are Italians, radicals and draft evaders, and these facts, charges *The World Tomorrow*, were used by the prosecutor to arouse the passions and fears of the jury. The trial, avers *The New Republic* (New York) "was held in an atmosphere of armed guards and solemn precautions that could not but have had its effect in impressing the jury with the dangerous character of the defendants." This is denied by the New York *Tribune*, which notes that the trial judge in concluding his charge to the jury said:

"In the administration of our laws there is and should be no distinction between parties. I therefore beseech you not to allow the fact that the defendants are Italians to influence you or prejudice you in the least degree. They are entitled to the same consideration as tho their ancestors came over in the Mayflower."



Photographs by International.

NICOLO SACCO BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

THE MEN WHOSE FATE ENRAGES THE COMMUNISTS.

Altho admitting that the two men "are anarchists in their social beliefs," the Socialist Milwaukee *Leader* declares that "there is nothing to indicate that they would indulge in an ordinary robbery and murder." "Unprejudiced observers," continues this paper, "unite in the belief that they are innocent—or, at least, that there is a great lack of sufficient proof that they are guilty." Nevertheless, points out the Boston *Post*, "the two defendants were heavily armed when arrested, and the bullets which killed the paymaster and guard came from exactly the same type and caliber of revolver as carried by one of the defendants."

The bomb set off in the home of Ambassador Herrick, asserts the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, "was exploded in the name of Sacco and Vanzetti." It followed Communistic demonstrations against the conviction of the two men in front of the American Embassies at Brussels and Rome, and the receipt by the Ambassador of more than two hundred threatening letters, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*. Milan, Rio Janeiro, Bordeaux, Brest, St. Nazaire, Lyons, and Marseilles were scenes of other Communistic gatherings of protest, while in Paris some twenty persons were injured at the close of a similar meeting by the explosion of a hand-grenade. All these happenings, notes a Boston correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "appear to have accomplished the aim of the Communists; the eyes of the radical forces of the world are centered on the cells of the two prisoners, the murder has taken on an international importance, the radicals are assured of a world audience—and the money is coming to help the condemned men. If it is a campaign, it must be credited with being successful, for there is apparent on all sides to-day a disposition to give the condemned men every advantage."

"It is not," declares the New York *Telegram*, "that the European Red cares a whoop what happens to Sacco and Vanzetti, but their conviction provides the Reds with an opportunity to attack the system which they oppose." "It is anarchy seeking to thrust its hands into the administration of justice in the United States," adds the Buffalo *Times*. As the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sees it:

"Here is a shining exemplification of anarchist logic. The anarchist must have a weak brain to be an anarchist at all, but it seems that any one who would try to kill an ambassador in Paris to prevent the electrocution of two obscure murderers in America must be wholly lacking in cerebral substance. For scaring the nations into accepting anarchism such tactics are as ineffective as was the German *schrecklichkeit* for scaring them into accepting Prussianism."

While the evidence against the two men is said to have been largely circumstantial, in the opinion of the Washington *Star*—

"The criticism of the prosecution in this case is wholly unwarranted. The men had a perfectly fair trial and there remained practically no doubt of their guilt. The crime was a brutal one for gain, and the perpetrators deserve the extreme punishment, tho they have not yet been sentenced. No amount of demonstration either here or abroad will cause any slackening of the procedure.

"A peculiar aspect of the affair appears in the fact that the Sacco-Vanzetti case was tried before a State court and that the United States has no jurisdiction over it. The President of the United States could not, if he would, pardon these men, nor could the Federal courts order a new trial. Thus the demonstration against the American Ambassador, who represents the Federal Government, is merely a gesture which betrays the agitation as having no sincere relation to the Sacco-Vanzetti conviction. The conclusion is inevitable that the European radicals have simply seized upon this matter as an excuse for a parade of their objections to organized government."

The New York *World* is at a loss to explain the wide-spread interest among Communists in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Says this paper:

"It is an extraordinary fact, most difficult to understand on this side of the Atlantic, that the Communists of Europe have passed over the hysterical drive on the radicals which came to a climax in the United States after the war, the continued incarceration of Debs, the ousting of the Socialists at Albany and the passage of the Lusk laws in New York, without much comment, only to fall foul of a verdict in a Massachusetts murder case which had no political significance whatever. If the verdict rendered in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti was unjust, as appears possible, the Massachusetts courts can still correct the error.

"Radicalism has sometimes had one saving grace—intelligence. But in the madness over Sacco and Vanzetti there is no intelligence whatever."

"In any case, Sacco and Vanzetti belong to a school of thought which makes them potential, if not actual, assassins, and a sort of moral partnership has been established between the Communists who have caused the recent disturbances and the prisoners," maintains the Baltimore *Sun*. But, *The Sun* goes on:

"All the explosives in France, Italy and Russia will not be permitted to swerve or affect the course of justice in the humblest court in the United States. We will concede everything to reason, but nothing to force."

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A CLOSE-UP OF UNEMPLOYMENT

THE LETTERS FROM THE TRENCHES used to bring home to us the realities of war more strongly than pages of official reports. In the same way, the whole truth about unemployment can not be learned from columns of Labor Department statistics, reports of the Unemployment Conference, or even from the formal statements of such well-informed men as Herbert Hoover and Samuel Gompers. The editor of a trade union paper in Bridgeport, or South Omaha, may not be able to make an elaborate analysis of nation-wide unemployment, but he has something to tell us about the proportion of jobs to workers in his own city. And this editor is also likely to have a very

"NOT CHARITY, BUT A JOB."

—Grant in *Better Times* (New York).

definite idea of what ought to be done about it. To bring together for LITERARY DIGEST readers these various close-up views, and thus to give a more vivid realization of what those nearest the workers think about the lack of work, we have asked several hundred labor editors to tell us whether they find things growing better or worse, and what remedies they would recommend. As a whole, the answers—which come from thirty States and forty important industrial cities—bring cheer, for they seem to show that the Unemployment Conference's program for immediate relief is succeeding, and that the situation is improving.

Half of the answers received report a lessening of unemployment, while fewer than a score of labor editors believe conditions are becoming worse. In a very general way conditions seem to be worse in the East than in the West and South. The most pessimistic reports come from New England, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and from such important cities as New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Omaha, Cincinnati, Duluth, Des Moines, St. Paul, and Washington, D. C. Mechanics in Pennsylvania, quarry workers in Vermont, bakers in Chicago, and butchers in Omaha report a dreary outlook, as do also cigar-makers and wood-carvers. Hotel and restaurant employees are joining the ranks of the unemployed in growing numbers, says their organ, *The Mixer and Server* (Cincinnati), owing to "the steady increase of the self-serve or cafeteria style of 'eat-shop.'"

On the other hand, we hear of improved conditions in up-State New York, Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa, Colorado, Utah and California. Certain editors in Kansas and North Carolina report that the unemployment situation has not been critical in their respective States. A large number of replies tell of increased activity and consequent reemployment in printing and allied trades, and there are also assertions of more work in the various building trades, in the textile mills, in the iron and steel plants, and in the mines.

The "Do-It-Now" campaign, launched by the Unemployment Conference and supervised by the committee headed by Colonel Arthur Woods, seems to have been stirring up a number of committees to immediate activity in the construction of public works, by which thousands of men have been given jobs. And it is significant that this particular campaign is the only remedy suggested by any large number of the labor editors who have replied to our questions. Nearly half of them insist upon this method of immediate relief. Undoubtedly, writes an Ohio editor, "much could be accomplished if effort were made to advance building programs, encourage work of a public nature, such as street repairs, grading, sewering, extension of waterways, improvement of park lands, county and State road work." And much, they tell us, is being accomplished. Two labor weeklies of Rochester, New York, speak of the large public building program which has been launched by their city government. The Lone Star State is especially active, Texas labor papers report. The State has a definite program that was delayed on account of the war but has now been urged into being again in order to employ farm workers during winter, and keep them from crowding into the cities. San Antonio is starting the construction of long-delayed public buildings and street improvements. Fort Worth is now building fire-stations and swimming-pools to provide for future demands, and is eliminating all its railroad grade crossings. Private citizens have agreed to do their building and repair work at once instead of waiting, and a building loan company will encourage would-be home-owners. The county authorities will spend $100,000 a month for some time to come on road-building and repairs. Dispatches in the daily papers tell of similar activities in Portland, Me., Springfield, Mass., Worcester, Mass., Buffalo, Dayton, Savannah, and Tulsa.

The taxpayer, of course, pays the wages of the men employed on public works. But labor editors would not leave the entire burden there. Let employers provide work, say several, irrespective of profits. Employers will be able to provide more work for wage-earners, it is suggested, if they spend less money on high-salaried executives, expensive advertising and so-called "efficiency systems." Or, if the employers can not provide more work, let them, in the words of *The Pennsylvania Labor Herald*, "reduce the hours and employ all men part time." A shorter week and shorter hours are suggested. Establish a universal eight-hour day, advises a Kansas editor, then "if all are not employed, make a six-hour day till there is enough work for the eight-hour day." Then, it is suggested, if employers can not or will not furnish work to all, let them step down and allow the Government or the workers to take over the idle plants.

Among the large number of miscellaneous suggestions appear a few admissions that wages might be lowered. The Erie (Pa.) *Labor Journal* feels that "workers should realize that the war-time wage is a thing of the past," just as retail business men should be willing to take their losses and be satisfied with the profits they made during the war. And a labor editor in Indiana remarks that "workers are too choicy about their jobs as a rule; plenty of farm work needing men, but not at seven or eight hours a day, or double time for overtime; plenty of work for those who

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will work in the old-fashioned way, and help to do things." These suggestions contrast with a larger number of protests against wage reductions. "Give the workers wages that will allow them to buy the commodities which must be sold," says one. "Cheap wages never made a good town," observes another, and a North Carolina paper states the argument for high wages as follows:

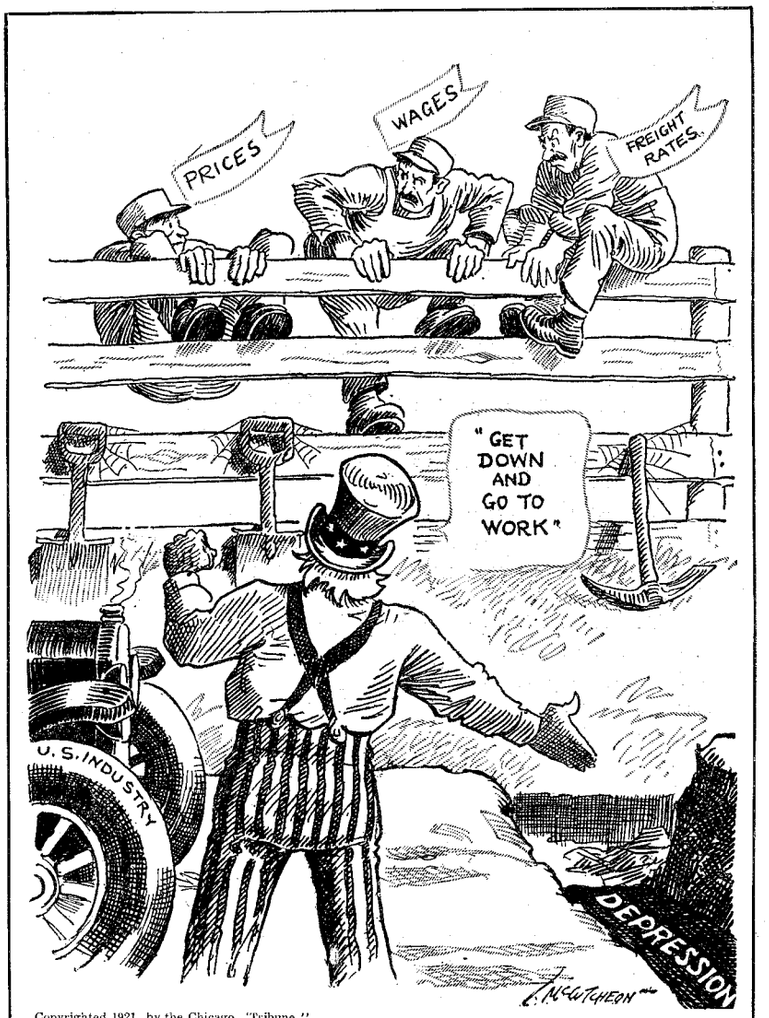
"The wage-earner must function in a dual capacity: as a producer and as a consumer. With modern power-driven machinery and the factory method, as a producer, he is highly successful; he produces all the necessities and luxuries of life in superabundance. But as a consumer he cannot buy according to his desires or needs, he can buy only to the limit of his wages, and his wages are sufficient to buy off the market only a small part of the goods his labor has put on the market.

"Obviously then, the higher wages are, the more the wage-earner can buy, and the more he can buy, the greater the number that can be employed in producing."

Sharp demands are made for lower retail prices and lower prices on building materials. Many of these spokesmen for labor can find something more for the Government to do than to start building new bridges and post-offices. A prompt revision of taxes is essential to the return of prosperity, we are told. Speedy tariff revision is demanded by several editors, some of whom want it "down," and others "up." There are protests against the waste of government funds in war construction. The Federal Government is also requested to set up an employment service, to reestablish price regulation, to repeal prohibition, to nationalize the mines, to build a system of Federal highways, to launch new water-power and reclamation projects, to deport alien laborers, to give ex-service men their bonus, to assume control of finance, and to investigate Wall Street.

The financial side of unemployment is taken up by a number of editors who believe that the banks ought to extend credit more freely, that they are making it too difficult for builders and business men to carry on and employ. "Stop the bankers' strike," cries the Cincinnati *Labor Advocate*. And the Sacramento *Tribune* denounces the bankers as the "slackers" of to-day, saying:

"The banks must loosen up their hoards of money, factories must run, farmers must have money, merchants must have money, and as the bankers have it all tied up, solving the unemployed problem is up to them."



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ON THE ROAD TO NORMALCY.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

Better relations between capital and labor are essential to any permanent cure of unemployment, say several labor editors. Until the employers' organizations have definitely called off the "so-called union shop fight," "employers in many lines will be timid and ultra-conservative in their operations," declares *The Labor Herald* of Newport, Kentucky. The Duluth *Labor World* feels that some of these anti-unionist employers are really responsible for unemployment. "The men who control the industrial destiny of America," it says, "are not yet ready for the return of good times. They have not succeeded in beating wages down as low as they want them to be. They have not completed the job they started at the close of the war." Other writers are less bitter, simply asking employers to try harder to cooperate with the workers.

Several interesting suggestions are made regarding the railroads. The call for lower freight rates is frequent. No building or industrial boom, says *The National Labor Tribune* (Pittsburgh), can be started until freight rates drop. There is a call for government ownership and operation. It is suggested that all the other railroads copy the methods used by Henry Ford on his Detroit, Toledo and Ironton. An organ of railroad workers does not understand "just why thousands of good cars and locomotives slightly out of repair on the 'rip tracks' of railroads throughout the country should be kept out of service when needed to accommodate the business of the country." If the railroads would repair these instead of waiting for the construction of new rolling stock, "it would be the means of placing at work many men out of employment and preventing an actual waste in timber and metal." The most sensational suggestion comes from a Buffalo labor editor who would rebuild the entire railroad system of the country. Railroad tonnage, so to speak, has not increased in comparison with lake and ocean tonnage. Increase the railroad's carrying capacity, he urges, by widening the existing standard gage by two feet and rebuilding all rolling stock accordingly. "You can readily see," he continues, "that there would be plenty of work for everybody. This improvement must be done by all roads sooner or later to meet the demands of the commerce of the country. Why not do this work now when we need work the worst?"

There ought to be lower rents and more building, agree several labor editors, and as a means to that end it is suggested that municipalities provide for tax exemption on new buildings. The readjustment of so-called "seasonal" occupations would help,

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thinks one writer, while another asks for the elimination of the middleman. The "buy-now" movement has its friends, while such mottoes as "do-it-now," "have faith" and "just hustle" find occasional utterance. When asked to suggest a means for reducing unemployment, an optimistic Iowa editor replies: "Nothing except to hustle for business; do one's full share in purchasing things needed in business and home life; eliminate fear and pessimistic thoughts; accept TO-DAY as *near-normal* and forget to make comparisons with 1914 or previous periods." A no less hopeful Georgian writes: "The only thing we know is that those who want work can get it if they look for same."

In sharp contrast with these replies is that of the Fort Wayne *Worker*, which can see no permanent improvement while our cities are filled with people who have lost jobs and will not be wanted in them again for years. The real unemployment problem, it says, is "how to get great numbers of our people out of the towns and onto the agricultural lands." And this labor editor is inclined to agree with the Eastern banker whom he quotes as saying: "We must starve hundreds of thousands of families out of our towns and cities, out on to the rural lands; STARVE them out, because there is probably no other way to get them out." Likewise *The Baker's Journal* of Chicago finds conditions growing worse and none of the suggested remedies of any real value. It says:

"All attempts to solve the unemployment problem, together with other economic questions connected with it, are nothing but wasted effort under our present social system. The employing class insists on its profits, and these profits can be made only at the expense of the working class. Temporary relief and so-called reforms are nothing but patchwork, and do not advance us one pace toward the solution of this important economic question. Only by substituting a better and more humane social system for the one we now have can permanent relief and a solution to the question at issue be found."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE future of the shimmy is declared to be shaky.—*Dallas News.*

THE Empire may be Invisible, but we begin to see its finish.—*Dallas News.*

IF it keeps on, the German mark will soon be completely erased.—*Indianapolis Star.*

PROSPERITY seems to be skidding just a bit coming around that corner.—*Columbia Record.*

EVIDENTLY railroad labor realizes that a strike would not be a hit.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

WE imagine that in the "Invisible Empire" time is told by Ku-Ku Klocks.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

AND now comes the season when the wise hunter disguises himself as a deer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT is revealed that there are some volunteers in the army of the unemployed.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

THE late summer recess is about the only thing that the present Congress has really completed.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

GERMS are frequently caught on the fly.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

DIVORCE suits are always prest with the seamy side out.—*Lincoln Star.*

ALL-NIGHT movies might solve the housing shortage problem.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

A MENACE. Any part of the world in which you do not happen to dwell.—*Hartford Times.*

WHAT salary reduction have the Brotherhood leaders received?—*Wall Street Journal.*

AN optimist is a person who eats candy off an uncovered street stand.—*New York Evening Mail.*

ABOUT the only kind of strike now popular in this country is an averted one.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"No beer, no work" wasn't very successful as a protest, but it was an excellent prophecy.—*Boston Post.*

AS business sees it, highways of prosperity can be reached only through buy-ways.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

RUSSIA, having failed to produce a superman, should acknowledge Mr. Hoover as the supper man.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

IF a hitch does come in the British-Irish negotiations, it's a safe wager it will not be the Irish who are hitched.—*Manila Bulletin.*

WE may be getting back to normalcy, but we seem to be a darned long time in passing a given point.—*New York American.*

THE difference between Socialism and football is that in football the kicking is done after the gains are made.—*Sioux City Journal.*

HOW can Obregon expect us to recognize Mexico? It doesn't look like the same old place since he's been president of it.—*New York World.*

SECRETARY DAVIS says 1,000 Christian Asiatics are fleeing to the United States. Probably they are coming as missionaries.—*Columbia Record.*

ANOTHER reason Irish negotiations are slow is because the Sinn Fein want to be sure of their parachutes before they come down off their high horse.—*Dallas News.*

THE old system of following the leadership of party whips has been abandoned in Congress. Operations there are now directed by bloc heads.—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

TO GET RID OF THEIR SHADOWS.

—Thomas in the *Detroit News.*

THIS foreign paper money would be worth more if they printed a comic strip on one side.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

IF all our pro-Germans invested in German marks we can bear the blow with Christian fortitude.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE only collar that galls the free American is the one the laundry has tried to convert into a saw.—*Springfield State-Register.*

IF there is any corrective value in suggestion, it might be well to place perpendicular steel bars on the windshields.—*Chicago Journal.*

AMERICAN manufacturers want foreign buyers so they can pay the American wage scale to their foreign employees.—*Manila Bulletin.*

WE are slowly getting to the point where we can eat a piece of steak without feeling that we are taking it away from starving Europe.—*New York Evening Mail.*

ONE nice thing about the Disarmament Conference is that it will be held far enough from Europe to escape the noise of several wars now in progress.—*Detroit Journal.*

THE former Kaiser has taken personal charge of his own garden. That's all right; there isn't the slightest danger that he will be able to raise his favorite crop on it.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

MUST UNCLE SAM FORGIVE HIS DEBTORS?

WORLD TRADE CAN NOT REVIVE until the international debts that weigh down all countries are crossed off and wiped out, is the cry of some English newspapers, which declare that "only then can the exchanges be quieted down." The foundation upon which "the pyramid of paper" rests is the German indemnity, says the London *Outlook*, and once it is recognized that Germany can not pay the Allies, "we in this country will be ready to agree that France and Italy can not pay us what they owe, and America will realize (but when?) that she can not collect the ten milliards of dollars owed her by Europe." America occupies a unique position in the discussion of war debts, for, "on her lonely pinnacle she holds demand notes aggregating more than two and a half milliards of pounds and owes nobody anything." At the same time this weekly notes that America is "now in the throes of the worst business collapse since 1893, and is trying to find enough crusts to keep six million unemployed alive." Meanwhile, it adds:

UNEMPLOYED.
—*The Bystander* (London)

"Our argument has been that unless the outstanding international debts be wiped out, enemy and friendly debts, we can not stabilize the exchanges, and we can not hope to recover our trade and our prosperity. This implies that not only must we forgive our debtors, but we must be forgiven by our only creditor—America. Self-respect, we agree, forbids us to ask America to cancel the debt. The offer must come from across the Atlantic. But candor compels us to admit that there comes no sign over the cables that such a proposal will be made; on the contrary, Anglophobe politicians already commence to foam at the mouth because we have not paid principal or interest, and the Washington Administration significantly refuses to permit the world trade question to be raised at the November Conference. We would then seem to be deadlocked; honor will not permit us to appear as suppliants; it follows that honor requires us to starve while our trade dwindles to zero."

But *The Outlook* has a formula to suggest which it thinks may help Britain out, and that formula implies "talking frankly and honestly" to America somewhat in this fashion:

"We do not ask you, gentlemen, to cancel that milliard odd we owe you out of generosity, idealism, recognition that we did more fighting than you did, or because we lent most of the money involved to other nations who can't pay it back to us. In fact, we do not ask you to cancel the debt at all. We merely state our opinion that you *will* cancel it, not out of generosity or out of idealism, but out of sheer self-interest. The only question is when you will do so. You must cancel it, for until you do, your industries will be crippled, your trade at a standstill, your people out of work. We make no suggestion, beyond expressing the opinion that the sooner you look into the situation and do what you will have to do before long in any event, the better it will be for you and for us. If you do not now agree, or rather if you will not trouble to examine the world trade position, since if you do you must agree, ask for your money—we will mortgage our credit, we will send you our gold, until such time as you discover how that metal feels when poured in a molten state down one's throat."

The formula "does not err on the side of humility," it is admitted, for the British Lion "must not fawn for sugar at the feet of Uncle Sam." But the Lion loses no dignity when he suggests to Uncle Sam that they are "both in a sinking boat" and that Uncle Sam "being blest with arms instead of paws, had better start bailing rather quickly or Lion and Uncle will founder simultaneously." We read then:

"We are far from claiming that the cancellation of world debts will altogether cure the economic ills of the world; we do devoutly believe that until this step is taken, no serious progress can be made towards exchange stabilization and a resumption of trade. The opposition to cancellation will come from America. Let American publicists, and her politicians, tell us how the world and America herself can recover without cancellation! None of them, so far as we are aware, have yet attempted the task. Do they intend to wait until an export trade which has sunk from thirteen to ten, has gone down from ten to two, before they come to grips with reality?"

With a glance at the Washington Conference, the London *Pall Mall and Globe* says that "a matter like the outstanding war debts of the Allied countries must come up for review" there and this the more particularly because "the principal creditor of Europe is the Power which has summoned the Conference and has taken the lead in proclaiming a gospel of mutual consideration." This daily continues:

"The other great civilized Powers have incurred sacrifices of blood from which America has been exempt, and have spent their wealth also in defense of the common liberty. American appeals to philanthropy can scarcely sound convincing if they are to be taken as coming from a nation that insists upon its full financial rights over an exhausted and impoverished world. Englishmen can raise this question of debt without any shamefacedness, because what they owe to America is less than half of what stands in their ledger to the account of Europeans nations. The public on the other side of the Atlantic are beginning to realize that while such obligations are in some cases a very dubious kind of asset, they are most effectually blocking the channels of trade, and particularly the creditor's powers of export."

A financial authority, the London *Statist*, points out that the United States Government is confronted with the problem of its own internal short-dated debt as well as with the problem of the credits it has extended to foreign countries, and relates:

"The total gross debt of the American Government on May 31 last amounted to 23,953 million dollars, of which 7,884 million dollars was short-dated debt. In the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1920–21 there has been a reduction of approximately 350 million dollars, the retirement being confined almost exclusively to short-term liabilities. Further reductions since May have brought the figure of early-maturing obligations down to 7,500 million dollars approximately. By far the most important item in that sum is the Victory Loan, which is due for repayment on May 20, 1923. The amount of the loan as originally issued was 4,495 million dollars, and on May 31 last the total outstanding was 4,022 million dollars. The United States Treasury hopes by the issue of notes and by periodical retirements of debt out of current surpluses to spread the 7,500 million dollars of short-

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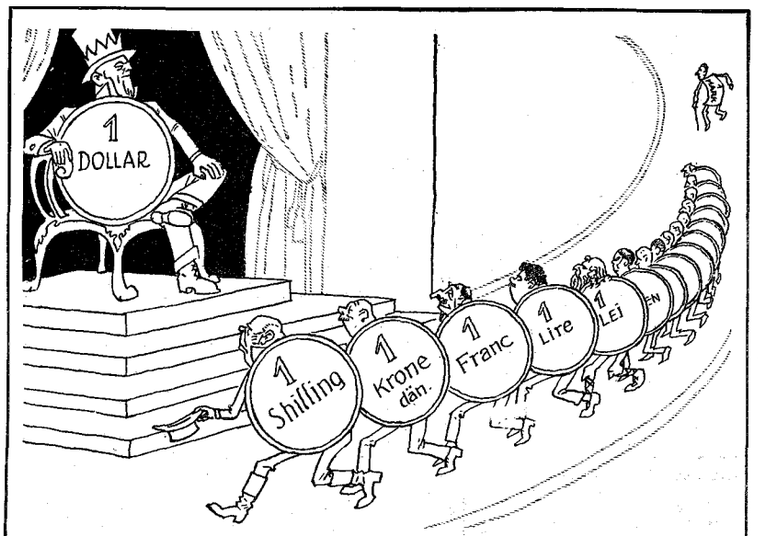

UNCLE SAM REVIEWS THE WEALTH OF NATIONS.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

dated debt, which is now concentrated in relatively few maturities, into a progressively smaller aggregate amount of maturities extending over the years 1923 to 1928."

Under the Liberty Bonds Act, we are reminded, cash advances made to foreign governments up to June 23d last were:

"Great Britain	$4,277,000,000
France	2,997,477,800
Italy	1,648,034,050
Belgium	349,214,468
Russia	187,729,750
Czecho-Slovakia	61,256,207
Serbia	26,780,466
Roumania	25,000,000
Greece	15,000,000
Cuba	10,000,000
Liberia	26,000
	$9,597,518,741

"Payments received in respect of this debt up to the same date comprised:—Great Britain, $110,681,642; France, $46,714,862; Roumania, $1,794,180; Belgium, $1,522,902; Cuba, $974,500; and Serbia, $605,326, making a total of $162,293,412."

The American Government, as *The Statist* notes, holds in respect of these loans demand obligations of the various foreign governments bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. More than 451 million dollars have been paid in interest up to the present, we are told, as follows:

Great Britain	$245,557,186
France	129,570,376
Italy	57,598,853
Belgium	10,907,282
Russia	4,832,354
Cuba	1,282,370
Greece	784,153
Serbia	636,059
Czecho-Slovakia	304,178
Roumania	263,314
Liberia	861
	$451,736,986

Meanwhile Washington dispatches tell us Congress has provided for a commission of five, one of whom is to be the Secretary of the Treasury, which is empowered to determine when and how the debts should be paid and at what rate of interest. Representative Mondell, the Republican leader, said in the House that the commission would have minority representation and pleaded with the Democrats to trust the President, who in the last analysis will "make this settlement," for "whatever is done by the commission is done with the approval of the President."

CHINESE LABOR ORGANIZING

ORGANIZED LABOR IN JAPAN has been making itself increasingly felt of late years, but only recently have we record of the fact that Chinese workingmen also are banding together in defense of their interests. In some quarters, in fact, it is charged that they are a little too strenuous as far as their own interests are concerned, so that they overlook considerations affecting their employers. In *The Trans-Pacific* (Tokio) a writer expresses the fear that the labor movement in the big cities of China is "destined to become one of the greatest problems of the Far East, where hitherto labor has been counted as a chief commodity." This informant tells us further that the Chinese workers of Hongkong and Canton have "embarked on a scheme of organization almost parallel to that known in European and other foreign countries" and he adds:

"A report has just been issued by the Hongkong Government which states that one of the most interesting and important recent developments has been the rapid increase in the number of workingmen's societies, avowedly run on Western trade union lines, copying trade union methods and using trade union phraseology. This increase, the report continues, is only partly due to the greater liberty given such societies by the new ordinance, for the chief encouragement came from the great fitters' and engineers' strike of April, 1920. This was conducted by the Chinese Engineers' Institute, and the men were successful in gaining an increase of 32½ per cent. on their former wages. Concurrently with this trade union development, there has been a series of trade disputes, often developing into small strikes. Fortunately, most of these have been settled by agreement and all have resulted in leveling up the men's wages and, in some cases, decreasing the hours of labor. In one case, where the masters ended the strike by importing fresh men from up country, the dissatisfied men took the novel step of opening a shop and working on their own account.

"So well organized are the workers of Hongkong becoming that they have succeeded in large measure in gaining control of all labor."

WANTED—A GOLD CURE.

UNCLE SAM MIDAS: "Whatever I touch becomes gold! If this confounded witchery doesn't soon cease, I shall starve!"

—*Die Muskete* (Vienna).

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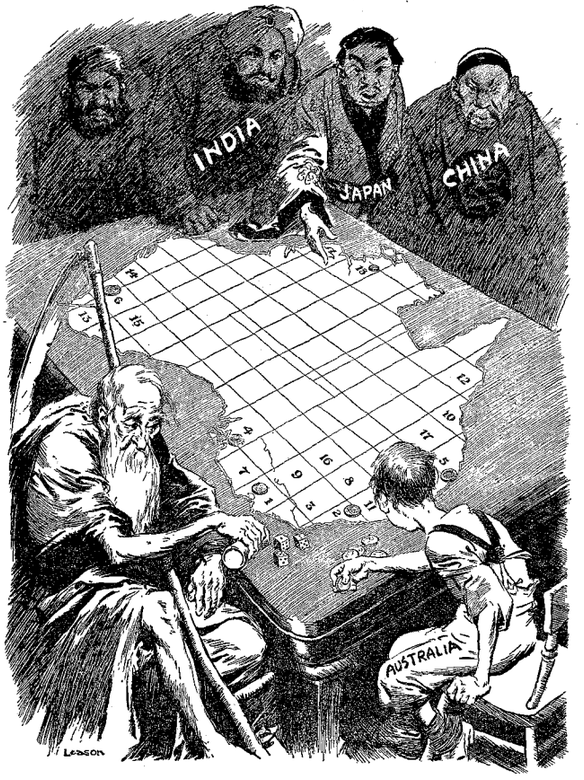
PERIL OF "EMPTY AUSTRALIA"

AN EMPTY AUSTRALIA is a standing temptation to a painfully packed Asia, and this thought, underlying a speech made by Lord Northcliffe in Australia, raises echoes of perturbation as far away as Canada. Not only Australians, but Canadians and Americans also, should think of this matter, exclaims the Montreal *Daily Star*, which considers it "the most highly explosive question that lies embosomed in the twentieth century." The island is an "outpost of the white race," we are warned, and "if Asia ever awakes, it presents itself as the logical, almost inevitable first point of attack upon white expansion." This newspaper believes that "an aroused and armed China might seize Australia for her overflow before even the people of India had concluded to get along without British tutelage and protection," and the question is asked:

"Can the English-speaking peoples protect Australia as a white man's country? They can to-day. But at a time when the energetic and capable Americans are very dubious whether they could even to-day protect the Philippines against a Japanese attack, it is not without pertinence to point out that any defense of Australia must be accomplished very far from the home bases of both Great Britain and the United States—and that an armed China would have enormous man-power at its disposal.

"None of us could afford to let Australia perish without a fight. None of us could afford to lose that fight. An Asia which had won it over the united power of the English-speaking races would be quite as 'cocky' as the Japanese were after defeating great Russia. Such an Asia, with its uncounted millions, would be a dangerous neighbor just across the Pacific. Yet such a fight at the antipodes would be very hard to win. Thus it will be just as well to utilize the coming Washington Conference to lull Asia comfortably to sleep and not to pin-prick it into maddened activity as some superficial 'statesmen' seem so ready to do."



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN GAMBLE.

COLORED RACES: "Here, let us into this game—you're putting all your money on one end of the board."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney.)

Any people who imagine that this condition of an "empty Australia" can go on indefinitely, says *The Star*, have neither "read history, studied human psychology, nor taken into account the ordinary humane motives which are supposed to govern the actions of Christian nations," and it adds:

"The Australians must fill Australia with the sort of people they want for neighbors; or the over-spill of Asia will fill it for them, whether they like it or not. No outside Power can forever keep Asia penned up in her murderous congestion. Our American neighbors are often nervous lest Japan become the champion of the less well-equipped Asiatic peoples who can not even rid their own countries of European interference, let alone find territories abroad to which they can emigrate. So far there seems to be little reason for this nervousness, because the Chinese are so jealous and fearful of the Japs that they would never dream of accepting rescue at their hands. They think that their active and ambitious little neighbor only wants to expel the European to come in himself.

"But what if Japan frankly withdrew from China and then offered to force an entry for her festering millions into empty Australia? Might not that appeal to the Chinese soul?"

An Australian view of the matter appears in the Melbourne *Argus*, where a contributor quotes Australia's Prime Minister Hughes as having said at the American Luncheon Club in London that "the Pacific question largely arises from the rapidly expanding population of Japan," for that country is "unable to find room for her natural increase within her present territories, yet must find room for them somewhere." There is no room for Japan in the already overcrowded countries of the East, says the contributor to the *Argus*, nor is there room for them in North America—

"if the people of the United States pursue their present declared policy of building the largest navy in the world, and if their 110 millions can prevent any attempt to seek room in that continent. Equally obviously Premier Hughes fears, and fears rightly, that Japanese eyes are turned towards Australia. His speech breathes that fear throughout. But he pins his faith to the British Navy, to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and to an understanding with America. He appeals to America. 'If she can not agree with Japan, how is she to help Australia?' But does America really want to help Australia in the event of Japan's insistence on freedom of entry? It has long been obvious to the thinkers of the great Republic that Japan must soon 'find room somewhere for her rapidly expanding population.' And she is taking the necessary steps to preserve the purity of her own white race. But it does not follow that she is equally anxious about the purity of the Australian section of the European race. It is actually in the mind of many Americans that Australia, being the only empty area of any magnitude in the world, and more closely connected with Asia than any other land, is the natural sphere of Japanese extension. 'Why,' they ask amongst themselves, 'should America pour out blood and treasure in an attempt to defeat the natural aspirations of the most important and only civilized Eastern race?' Were Australia thrown open to Japanese immigration the danger to America would be postponed for at least a hundred years, if not forever, they think, and with much reason."

Premier Hughes also said "our continent is able to support 100,000,000, yet we have only 5,000,000," but the writer in *The Argus* retorts:

"This brings one to our real danger: the over-estimating of our capabilities to the world at large. Japanese public opinion will eagerly note the emptiness (it constantly bears it in mind) and envy the limitless possibilities for a successful invader, so advertised by our leading citizen. But while the first condition is undoubted, the second is by no means established. Australia, because it is the same size as United States of America, is often compared therewith. But size is their only similarity. Because the United States of America has increased from 5,000,000 to over 100,000,000 people in a century, it does not follow that Australia can possibly equal that increase. Of the total area of the United States 60 per cent. is estimated to be tillable, and of that portion nearly one-third was planted in 1918. Will any one

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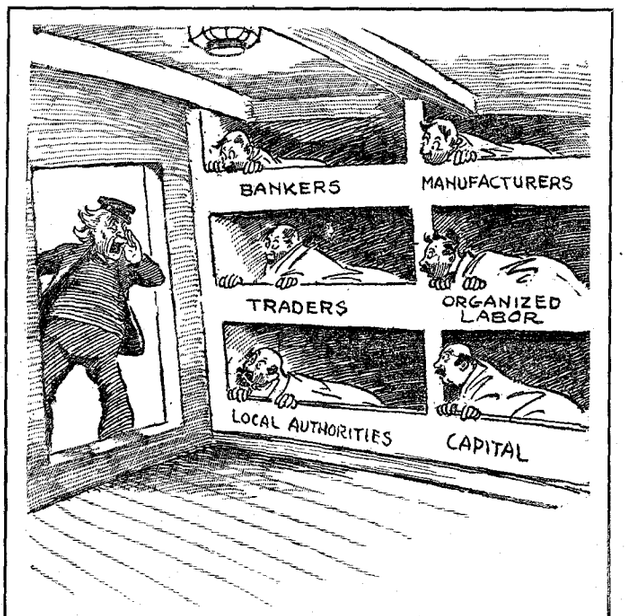
who actually knows this continent dream that a sixth of its total area can ever be brought under cultivation? If not, how is an equivalent population to be fed? A third of the Commonwealth has under ten inches of annual rainfall. With the exception of the Murray system, the rivers from which irrigation water may be drawn are negligible."

Even as a pastoral country, Australia is not rich compared with New Zealand, according to this informant, who tells us that while it is nearly thirty times greater in extent, it carries only four times the number of cattle, and less than four times the number of sheep. In the eight years ending 1918 Australia's number of live stock showed but little increase. Horses increased by only 400,000 and cattle by 1,000,000, but sheep decreased by 5,000,000, and pigs by 100,000. The writer adds:

"In other words, the live stock, as a whole, did little more than hold their own. Occasionally the census shows a very large decrease. There were nearly 11,000,000 fewer sheep in 1918 than in 1890. Of course, the reason for the great fluctuation is the recurring droughts. This was especially manifest in 1914–15. The 'Year Book' (p. 318) states 'the falling off in the number of sheep in 1915 was 9,343,145; of cattle, 1,120,157; of horses, 144,252; and of pigs, 108,754; being 11.91, 10.14, 5.72, and 12.61 per cent. respectively.' Is it reasonable to expect that a country subject to such vicissitudes will ever carry a population approaching the optimistic estimates of the Prime Minister, at all events, with any degree of safety and comfort?"

"UNEARNED" WEALTH TO RELIEVE THE JOBLESS—Relief for England's unemployed is so imperative that every resource of the country is being probed, and the London *Nation and Athenaeum* comes forward with the proposal that money should be exacted from "the rich districts" and those districts containing "appreciating property," for—

"There exists in all parts of the country, especially in the great cities, a large fund of unearned wealth, chiefly the product of war-conditions, upon which an emergency levy should be made. We allude to the immense accretion of value to land and real estate. In London, especially, landlords have been reaping, and for some time will continue to reap, enormous gains out of the miserable shortage of housing, by profitable sales, high rents, fines and fees on renewals, etc. These gains, like those taken in the later war-years by agricultural landlords who had the wisdom to sell in time to prosperous farmers, have never paid their tribute to the Exchequer or the local treasury. Why not? Not merely are they unearned by their possessors. They are the direct product and measure of the needs of that very population whose evil case we are considering. The urgent pressure of a large and growing industrial population upon the restricted house accommodation has forced up these land and house values. Here is a fund specially fitted to finance our emergency, a large unearned increment, the levy upon which not merely disturbs no incentive to industry, but actually provides a stimulus for putting all land to its most productive uses. It is not, however, enough to group the constituent sections of a city together for the purpose of this unemployed finance. As the main causes of our unemployment lie within the sphere of national policy, so must the financial provision be planned upon a national scale. Not only are poor London boroughs, but poor industrial cities, quite unable out of their separate local resources to meet the dimensions of such a disaster as confronts us."



ALL HANDS ON DECK!

CAPTAIN LLOYD GEORGE: "Now, me lads! Shake a leg, shake a leg!"
—*The Mail* (Birmingham).

JAPAN'S "OFFICIAL" PROPAGANDA

IF JAPAN IS MISUNDERSTOOD, as Japanese authorities so often say, is it because she has not enough "official propaganda" in foreign countries, or because she has too much? The question is suggested by a Japanese correspondent of the *Journal de Pekin*, who believes that Japan's propagandist efforts have "rather served to put in high relief Japanese imperialism, and the menace it offers to universal peace." On the other hand, some newspapers remind us that since Germany "gave propaganda a bad name" almost any publicity work is suspected. What is more, they say that the "inaccessibility of the Japanese language" to the world in general justifies the Japanese in their belief that "it pays to advertise." The correspondent of the *Journal de Pekin*, however, views the matter rather grimly, and tells us that "not even the Germans before the war attached so much importance to political propaganda as do the Japanese." We read then:

"The central office which distributes good news about the Empire of the Rising Sun is under direct control of the government, while the secondary offices in foreign countries are under surveillance of Japanese embassies, legations, consulates, vice-consulates, and consular agencies. In their efforts to win foreign opinion the descendants of the Samurai only follow customs much in honor in western and American countries. However, official propaganda has not so far been very successful in the field of politics, yet it is pleasant to admit that travel propaganda has had great success, especially in the United States. The uninterrupted flow of visitors to the Nipponese islands is the most striking proof of this fact."

The consequence is that "the prevailing opinion among the subjects of the Mikado is that their country is not known or is not sufficiently known." This surely can not be for lack of organization and this writer continues:

"At London and at Washington, to mention only these two great centers, we find two Japanese associations operating directly under the control of the Japanese Embassies in these two cities. These associations have their periodicals and their newspapers, they have their speechmakers who hold forth at meetings and dinners to which they are invited, or to which they secure invitations, to give light on the policy of Japan and the intentions of the Mikado's government. This light, of course, being exclusively official, is always favorable. Englishmen and Americans take part in these meetings, and in the similar organizations known as Anglo-Japanese or American-Japanese. Their pro-Japanese activity is as great as their zeal. Naturally, their attitude has given rise to criticism."

A Japanese naval officer, who is to "play an important rôle" at the Washington Conference, shows his belief in high publicity by declaring that "if I had my own way about the thing, there would be wide-open sessions all over the place." He is quoted by Adachi Kinnosuke, American correspondent of the Tokyo *Jiji*, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World* as saying further: "Our blunders and our sins are bound to find us out in the end. The one question for practical statesmanship is just this: whether our enemies will bring them to light, or we do it ourselves. And we are apt to be more just to ourselves than our enemies."

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SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

A PLAN TO GIVE EACH MAN A JOB TO FIT HIS BRAINS

THIRTEEN YEARS is the average intellectual age of Americans fit for military service. So the psychologists said after examining 1,700,000 army recruits. Of our hundred million population, it is reckoned that less than one-third are above this average, and only 4½ per cent. are of superior intelligence. Is democracy possible with a low intellectual majority? Yes, thinks Dr. Henry Herbert Goddard, director of the Ohio Bureau of Juvenile Research. There can be no democracy without leadership, and democracy has always shown itself willing to accept the leadership of the intelligent. So long as there are in our country nearly five millions of persons of superior intelligence, we need not despair, but we should see to it that each man is placed in a job requiring just the degree of mental acumen that he possesses. These conclusions are put forth in Dr. Goddard's Princeton lectures recently gathered in book form. Our quotations are from a review by Paul Popenoe in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington). Writes Mr. Popenoe:

"In Dr. Goddard's opinion, with the army experience it is no longer possible for any one to deny the validity of mental tests, even in case of group testing; and when it comes to an individual examination by a trained psychologist, it cannot be doubted that the mental level of the individual is determined with marvelous exactness.

"Such considerations throw real light, the author thinks, on the search for national efficiency. For the first time society has an instrument with which to work. If the mental level of every individual in the nation should be determined, it would be possible to apportion the available jobs intelligently, preventing good men from wasting their time on inferior jobs, and protecting the public from having mentally inferior persons in positions of responsibility, where they now often are.

"In the light of this doctrine, it is easy to see why human society is relatively inefficient. Knowing nothing of mental levels beyond a crude appreciation of the fact that some men are certainly more intelligent than others, we have made no serious attempt to fit the man to the job.

"When one contemplates the enormous proportions of misfits that must exist in the industrial world and that such misfits mean discontent and unhappiness for the employee, one can but wonder how much of the present unrest in such circles is due to this fact.

"Looking at the larger problem, what about democracy itself? Can we hope to have a successful democracy where the average mentality is 13?

"There are, as was pointed out, thirty million above the average, and 4,500,000 of very superior intelligence. Obviously there are enough people of high intelligence to guide the Ship of State, if they are put in command.

"The disturbing fear is that the masses—the 70,000,000 or the 86,000,000—will take matters in their own hands. The fact is, matters are already in their hands and have been since the adoption of the Constitution. But it is equally true that the 86,000,000 are in the hands of the 14,000,000 or the 4,000,000. Provided always that the 4,000,000 apply their very superior intelligence to the practical problem of social welfare and efficiency."

When children enter school Dr. Goddard believes their mental level should be determined. Several groups will be found. At the top are those who are exceptionally intelligent, well endowed, who test considerably above their age. This group subdivides into two: first, those who are truly gifted children, and second, those whose brilliancy is coupled with nervousness. The superior mentality of the truly gifted will mark them throughout life. They should have the broadest and best education that it is possible to give.

"The nervously brilliant group is a very important one. These children are in a stage of instability which, while it happens to make them keen, acute, and quick, is exceedingly dangerous, since experience has taught that a little pushing or overwork may very easily throw them over definitely on the insane side. These children should be treated with the very greatest care.

"A second group comprises the moderately bright children, a little above average and yet not enough to be considered especially precocious. They should, however, have their condition taken into account and they should not be compelled to drudge along with the average child.

"Then comes the *average child* for whom our school systems are at present made, and the only group whom they adequately serve. The question whether the training in the public schools is the best that can be devised is not for us to discuss here.

"Our next group is the backward. This group should be carefully watched from the start. Some of them may catch up with the average child. Some of them will go through their whole educational career with the same slowness, nevertheless they will get through.

"Finally there is the group of definitely feeble-minded. This group will ultimately divide into the morons and the imbeciles, and each of these should receive special training and treatment.

"The lower grade imbeciles will probably not get into the school, but will be recognized at home as defective and kept there until they can be placed in an institution for the feeble-minded."

Children who are doing regular school work should be given mental tests whenever it is proposed to promote them to an advanced grade, Dr. Goddard thinks. Whenever it is shown that they have not the capacity, they should be transferred to special work, and their development carefully watched. There is a prevalent idea that every child who has the means and gets through high school should go to college. The teachers in college have long known that many who enter should never attempt to do college work. We read further:

"The same principle might be applied, Dr. Goddard thinks, to the various professions and occupations. 'Why should we not ascertain the grade of intelligence necessary in every essential occupation and then entrust that work only to those people who have the necessary intelligence? This would not be at all difficult to do. It would in some cases require considerable labor, but that is all. For example, how much intelligence does it require to be a motorman on a street car? To ascertain this, it is only necessary to give mental tests to all the motormen, and then ascertain from employers which ones are highly successful, which ones moderately successful, and which prove to be failures. It would then be discovered that men of a certain mental level fail, men of another mental level are fairly successful, men of still a third mental level are highly successful and efficient.'

"Why should we not ascertain the mental level of people in various activities and when we find any inefficient, clearly on account of their lack of intelligence or other qualities, why should not society have the right to transfer that individual to some other line of work where he would be more efficient? This may be too advanced a step to be taken at once, but it will surely come to that eventually. Many a person is inefficient because of an uncongenial environment which a better intelligence would prompt him to change.

"In stating clearly—even baldly—the doctrine of mental levels and pushing its application to a logical conclusion, Dr. Goddard has done a real service to biology. One need not agree with all the author's statements, to agree with him that the recognition of the innate and inalterable differences among human beings is fundamental to social progress. This will eventually make it possible 'for the intelligent to understand the mental levels of the unintelligent, or those of low intelligence, and to so organize the work of the world that every man is doing such work and bearing such responsibility as his mental level warrants.'"

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IMPROBABILITY OF LIFE ON THE PLANETS

THE EVIDENCE for the existence of life in the universe, elsewhere than on this earth, is reviewed and discust in *Science* (New York) by W. D. Matthew, of the American Museum of Natural History, who concludes that altho the chances favor the existence of life of some sort somewhere on other worlds, it is extremely unlikely that such life is intelligent, and practically impossible that it has developed anything like what we call civilization. He scoffs at Martian "canals" and planetary "signals." Mr. Matthew calls attention to the fact, which he considers worthy of note, that astronomers take the affirmative and biologists the negative side of the argument. There may, he thinks, be two reasons for this, and he proceeds to give them as follows:

"1. Astronomers, physicists, mathematicians, are accustomed to hold a more receptive attitude, an open mind, toward hypotheses that can not be definitely disproved. This frame of mind is natural and adapted to their work. They are accustomed to deal with problems which can be solved by mathematical and deductive methods. A limited number of solutions appear, all of them to be receptively considered until they can be definitely disproved.

"The biologist, on the other hand, deals with a different sort of problem. His evidence is almost always inductive, experimental. His subjects are far too complex, too little understood, to admit of mathematical analysis, save in their simpler aspects. And always he is compelled to adopt toward the illimitable numbers of possible explanations, a decidedly exclusive attitude, and to leave out of consideration all factors that have not something in the way of positive evidence for their existence. If he fails to do so, he soon finds himself struggling hopelessly in a bog of unprofitable speculations. A critical rather than a receptive frame of mind is the fundamental condition of progress in his work.

"2. The second reason is that the astronomer or cosmologist has in mind when he thinks of this problem the physical and chemical conditions that would render life possible. If these be duplicated elsewhere he sees life as possible, and by the incidence of the laws of chance probable or almost certain, if they be duplicated often enough. Viewing the innumerable multitude of stars, each of them a solar system with possible or probable planets analogous to our own, he sees such multitudinous duplications of the physical conditions that have made life possible on our earth, that it appears to him incredible that all stand empty and lifeless.

"The biologist, on the other hand, has at the forefront of his mind the history and evolution of life on the earth. He knows that altho these conditions favoring the creation of living matter have existed on earth for many millions or hundreds of millions of years, yet life has not come into existence on earth save once, or at most half a dozen times, during that time. The living beings on earth are reducible at most to a few, and probably to one primary stock, all their present variety being the result of the evolutionary processes of differentiation and adaptation. It must appear therefore to him that the real conditions for the creation of life on earth have involved, not merely the favoring physical conditions, but some immensely complex concatenation of circumstances so rare that even on earth it has occurred probably but once during the eons of geologic time. If the conditions necessary to creation and evolution have not been duplicated on earth during the whole of the recorded history of life from the Cambrian down to the present day, it appears to him infinitely less probable that they have been duplicated elsewhere than on the earth."

That the "man in the street" should be sympathetic with the astronomer's rather than the biologist's conclusion is natural enough, Mr. Matthew thinks. The physical probabilities are obvious; the complexity of life he does not realize; nor does he sense the minute relative proportion of time during which intelligent life has existed upon earth. Moreover, to admit the probability of extra-mundane life opens the way for all sorts of fascinating speculation. He continues:

"Such life, if it exists, would surely be evolved *ab initio* on independent lines of adaptation, and the probabilities would be overwhelming that the results of the eons of its evolution, if by some rare chance it developed intelligent life simultaneously with its appearance on the earth, would be a physical and intellectual type so different fundamentally from our own as to be altogether incomprehensible to us, even if we recognized it as being intelligence or life at all. Who that has studied the ant or the bee has failed to be imprest with the unplumbed mysteries in its sensations, its psychology, its inner life! We are far from any full understanding of the intelligence, if I may use the word, of the social insects, relatives, albeit distant relatives, of our own, brought up under the identical environment of terrestrial conditions. How much farther would he be from any comprehension of the intellectual processes of a race of beings whose ultimate origin was wholly different from ours, whose evolution was shaped under conditions that, however closely parallel, could not have been identical with those of the earth. Indeed, if we are to take a receptive attitude in this matter, why limit ourselves to protoplasm as the basis of life? Other substances, solid, liquid, or even gaseous, may have similar capacities. We know of nothing of the sort. But would we know of it if it existed, even if it existed upon earth? Would there be any conceivable method of communication, any common ideas, interests, or activities, between such beings and ourselves? It does not appear probable. How much less the probability of communication across the void of interplanetary space.

"To suppose that parallel evolution could go so far as to produce similar methods of exploiting the earth to those used by civilized man—irrigation canals, cities, or other such phenomena of the immediate present—in life evolved independently in different planets—and to produce them at an identical moment in geologic time—would seem to be the result of those limitations of constructive or creative thought which are characteristic of myth and fairy-tale, of the anthropomorphic god, or the animal that thinks and talks like a man. Civilized men can not form any real concept of intelligent life on Mars save in terms of civilized life on earth. Yet, so far as we may judge from earth conditions, if life exists at all on Mars, it is a thousand to one that it is not intelligent life, for intelligent life on earth is a phenomenon that has existed for about a thousandth part of the geologic record of life. And it is a hundred thousand to one that it is not civilized life, for civilized life has existed at the utmost for a hundredth part of the time that man as such has been on the earth."

In sum, it appears to Mr. Matthew as a paleontologist that the case may be stated as follows:

"1. The complex concatenation of circumstances necessary to bring about the initiation of life has occurred upon earth half a dozen times at most, probably but once, in an environment that has apparently been favorable for a thousand million years. The probability of its occurring in a substantially similar environment upon another planet is so slight as to be practically reducible to a mathematical zero in any particular instance.

"2. The number of solar systems being almost infinite, we might regard the number of such possible favorable environments as amounting practically to infinity.

"3. The resultant of these two considerations is that there is a finite and reasonable chance that life has existed or will exist somewhere else in the universe than on this earth alone.

"4. The probability that intelligent life exists is vastly less, and that anything in the least analogous to our civilization exists at the present time is so slight as to be negligible.

"5. If any life involving the development of self-consciousness, of abstract thought and introspection analogous to the higher intelligence of mankind, or the control of environment and utilization of natural resources that we call civilization, should develop independently upon some other planet out of the preexisting simpler phases of life, it probably—almost surely—would be so remote in its fundamental character and its external manifestations from our own, that we could not interpret or comprehend the external indications of its existence, nor even probably observe or recognize them.

"6. In any specific instance, such as other planets of our own system, the probabilities of the existence of any kind of life amount to practically zero. The probabilities of an intelligent life upon Mars or Venus or elsewhere in our system so similar to our own in its character and manifestations as to be indicated by irrigation canals, cities, or other manifestations of human civilization, appear to be zero of the second degree. The most that one can allow as a reasonable possibility is that there may be some form of life existing somewhere else in the universe than upon our planet. That we have or shall ever get evidence of its existence appears to me practically impossible in the light of present knowledge and limitations."

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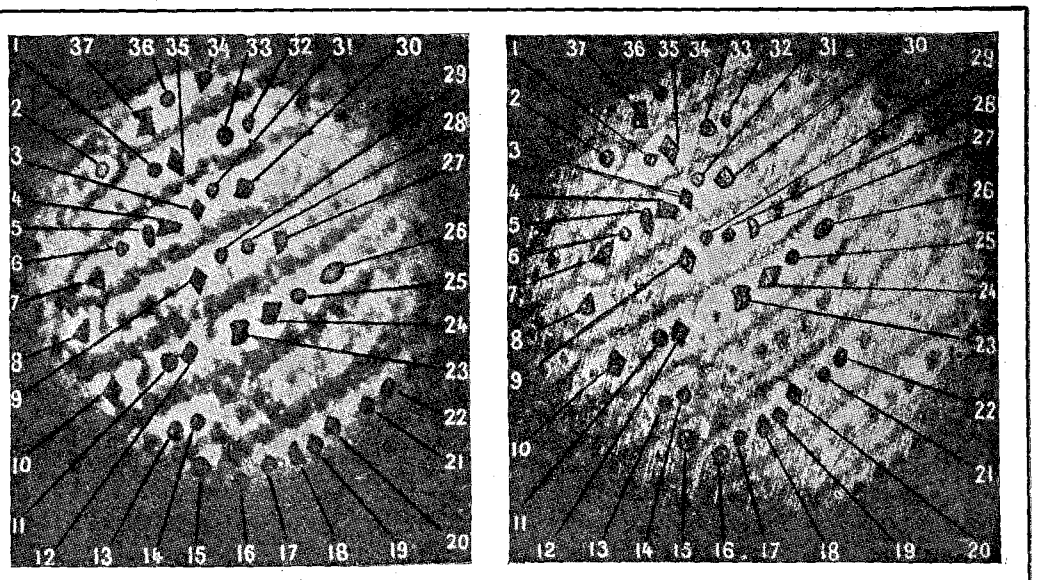
TRACKING CRIMINALS BY THEIR PORES

IDENTIFICATION by arrangement of the pores of the skin—a method christened "poroscopy"—is described and illustrated in *Discovery* (London, October) by G. F. Frederick Lees. This method is effective when the finger-print is so imperfect that the whorls and ridges, by which identification is usually effected, are not numerous enough for this purpose. And even if they are, it is a fortifying adjunct to the usual method, and is, we are told, likely to be more convincing to a jury. The finger-print, Mr. Lees reminds us, has long been held to constitute irrefutable evidence. For the intricate pattern of curved lines we bear on our hands is never identical in two persons. Moreover, from birth to death, finger-prints never change. It is not possible for any one to hide his or her identity by the use of chemicals, by burning, or by rubbing—all practises which are resorted to by the criminal classes. He continues:

"Stated thus, theoretically, the problem of criminal investigation and identification looks very simple, but in practise all kinds of difficulties are encountered, introducing an element of doubt which has had such weight with some juries that they have rightly refused to convict. The principle generally admitted among judical authorities is that identity between two finger or palmary prints is incontestable when at least a dozen guiding marks, consisting of the beginnings of lines, bifurcations and islets, are in every respect the same. To be able, however, to come to this clear conclusion, it is necessary to have a fairly large portion of a print under the microscope, and unfortunately the traces which are so carefully collected by the experts of police laboratories on the scene of a murder, burglary, or other offence, are often very fragmentary. Sometimes, too, they are partly obliterated by the prints of persons who have arrived there before the police. Or, again, the criminal may have taken the precaution to cover his hands with gloves or cloth, in which case he may leave but a very small number of utilizable guiding marks behind him.

"Supposing that only a very fragmentary finger or palmary print is under examination, showing no more, say, than three or four points of comparison with the print from the hand of a suspected person, is there any other means of arriving at a proof of guilt? Writing in *La Province Medicale* as long ago as 1912, Dr. Edmond Locard, the Director of the Police Laboratory of Lyons, was the first scientist to answer this question in the affirmative. 'I believe it is possible, in many cases,' he wrote in the course of a detailed statement of this new method of identification, 'to make up for the insufficiency of the print considered from the sole point of view of its guiding marks by studying in the trace under examination the arrangement of the pores.' Here we have a method—brought to perfection since 1912, and only recently set forth by this distinguished investigator in a work which ought to be translated into every language—which is infinitely more fruitful in results than the one known by the name of dactyloscopy. Like the patterns on the fingers, the pores between those patterns are unchangeable. Moreover, in shape and in size they are extremely variable, and when the trace of these sudoriferous glands has been enlarged by microphotography, we are provided with an infallible means of identification. The smallest portion of a finger-print may thus be utilized, for there are from nine to eighteen of these glands per millimeter. Between one person and another there is also infinite variety in the distances between the pores. 'In brief,' says Dr. Locard, 'the pores, because of their immutability, permanency, and variety, constitute a sign of identity of the first order. Poroscopy (as this science is called), the only method of identification in the case of very small fragments of prints, is, in all cases of dactyloscopic analysis, an important complementary proof. A jury, unimprest by thirty or forty homologous characteristic points, will be struck by the concordance of shape, position, and number of some hundreds of pores found to be identical in two compared prints. Poroscopic research, which is difficult and hard to carry out on the original traces, even by the use of a lens enlarging five times, is practised by means of large photographic enlargements. With an enlargement of sixteen the work is already easy. For demonstration before a jury one can usefully enlarge up to forty-five times. In practise, poroscopy has very often enabled fragments of prints measuring but a few square millimeters to be used, or half-effaced prints in which only a few points were visible. Above all, it enables one in numerous cases to be clearly affirmative, and strengthens the evidence due to dactyloscopy in a most efficacious manner.'



EVEN THE SMALLEST TRACES OF FINGER-PRINTS

Can be photographed up to show the pores. Here the identity of the two impressions is unmistakable.

"Dr. Locard cites a large number of cases in which this fresh advance in criminology has been successful. As a good example we may take the Boudet-Simonin case, in which two men with these names were arrested on a charge of burgling a flat in Lyons, on June 10, 1912, and stealing a quantity of jewelry and 400 francs. There were no witnesses of the robbery, and nobody could furnish the slightest piece of information regarding the burglars. But a rosewood cabinet, from which the jewels and money had been taken, was literally covered with finger-prints. These were revealed by the aid of carbonate of lead, and photographed. Search was then made in the finger-print archives of the Lyons Police Laboratory, with the result that certain prints were found to be indentical with those of a man, Boudet, who had been several times convicted of theft. The man's record at the Sûreté showed that he often worked in collaboration with a man named Simonin. Both were arrested. And it was then found that the finger-prints which were not Boudet's were Simonin's. Thirteen prints from the former's hand presented 78 characteristic points; two prints made by the latter, including that of the palm of his left hand, showed 94 points of comparison. In the case of the middle finger of Boudet's left hand 901 pores were identified, while in that of Simonin's palm more than 2,000 homologous pores were pointed out to the jury. On this sole piece of evidence the men were sentenced to five years' hard labor, the jury refusing to grant them the benefit of extenuating circumstances. 'I am convinced,' comments Dr. Locard, 'that the demonstration of the homology of the pores played, in the minds of the jurymen, the principal rôle.'

"Stockis, another well-known criminologist, proved experimentally that the wearing of leather or india-rubber gloves need not prevent the formation of finger-prints, and in February, 1912, in the S—— case, Dr. Locard put theory into practise by identifying a gloved burglar without any other proof than his finger-prints. The print was naturally less clear than that of a bare hand, but nevertheless a fairly large number of guiding marks could be distinguished."

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WOMAN'S FRIEND, THE CORSET

NOT ALWAYS, but under certain conditions, says Dr. D. M. Dunn, head of the women's department of the Life Extension Institute, writing in *The Forecast* (Philadelphia). Apparently "whatever is" is wrong, in the judgment of the hygienists. Our mothers, who wore trailing skirts and tight corsets, were urged to reform, on the ground that the former were dirty and the latter deforming. Now that our women wear short skirts and low corsets, or none at all, they are equally targets for condemnation. One of the remarkable features in the career of the corset, says Dr. Dunn, is the attraction it has always had for the public eye. Not only the health crank, the dress reformer, the physician, the physical culturist, but city editors, ministers and college professors have always taken it upon themselves to condemn, condone or advocate, but always to mention, this intimate article. He goes on:

"These winds of contention have swept every one into three groups: Those who stand for the total abandonment of the corset; those who accept it unthinkingly as a mere adjunct to dress; those who, believing it can be reconciled with laws of health, take it seriously enough to select it with the greatest care.

"More than a year ago the International Conference of Women Physicians assumed the first position, adopting the principle of No Corsets for Women. Strangely enough, this theory of certain learned reformers is practised as a matter of convenience by the two most influential groups of young women in the country—college girls and débutantes. 'Let joy be unconfined' they cry, much to the chagrin of their instructors, mothers and chaperons. Naturally these groups of elders are in a panic—'Are corsets doomed?'

"To the older generation this question has almost a moral significance. They themselves were brought up in corsets almost from babyhood and never questioned either their place in the toilet or their effect upon the health. Midway between these two extremes are they who do not condemn the corset wholesale nor accept it on fashion's terms, but believe it useful if conforming to health in make and fit.

"There are some authorities in hygiene to whom they can turn for a program of moderation. Such a body is The American Posture League, whose purpose is to promote standards of correct posture and to approve commercial products which attain them. They have stated that 'Corset support is unnecessary only when skirts and underwear are not made with bands; when the weight of clothing is borne at the shoulders well in toward the neck (not from the tip) and from the hip joints; when the weight of the stockings should be distributed evenly and borne by the hip joints (round garters should not be used).'

"This organization will even furnish an approved list of corsets, since they believe that women have a right to ask the expert to direct their buying.

"The wrong corset is a subtle enemy, which emphasizes all the bad features of posture and encourages the slump which is injurious to health. 'But, doctor, what shall I do?' In exceptional cases it might be safe to say: 'Give up your corset and strengthen your abdominal muscles, depend upon them to keep you erect and well poised.' But the command would go unheeded by all the 'smart' well-groomed women to whom the proper hang of a skirt is a social obligation. On the other hand, it wouldn't be safe to advise the sudden abandonment of corsets for the overweight woman, for the woman recently under surgical treatment, nor for the underweight woman whose muscles are flabby and thinned-out.

"The nervous strain of modern city life to which women are not yet adjusted, together with lack of exercise, has resulted in a wide-spread condition known as visceroptosis—or sagging of the abdominal organs. Constipation, debility, headaches, backaches, sallow complexion, appendicitis, general weakness, are some of the ailments associated with this condition. A corset is useful in proportion to its success in alleviating this weakness by supporting the cavity and reinforcing the muscles. Such a corset must be a firm, low support, so made that its lines pull upward and back. The boning must be flexible enough to allow the body to bend easily, sideways, as well as backward and forward.

"It ought to be individually fitted even more carefully than are shoes. Ideally, the corset should be made to order by a good corsetière, that its lines may be perfectly planned for the figure. The garments on the market which most nearly provide for such individual variation are the best ones to select. At least careful measurements are necessary for proper fitting. The difference in cost between the made-to-order garment and others is at present marked, but from the standpoint of health it is worth every extra penny.

"Suppose now you succeed in obtaining a corset satisfactory to you in its texture and to your doctor in its line and its effect upon your posture. Are you absolutely safe, warranted to improve in health without sacrificing style? 'No,' says the hygienic advisor. 'There is yet much for you yourself to do.' The depressing effect of these words will probably deepen when, after you have mustered up enough courage to ask in a weak voice: 'What?' the answer comes—'Exercise.'

"Without exercise a woman is bound to depend on her corset exactly as a vine does on a trellis. The best corset that was ever made could not relieve its wearer of all danger of weakening muscles. The only way to keep muscles firm is by *working* them. To allow your muscles to become thinned out, and flabby, is almost as bad an offense against health as to fail to keep your teeth clean.

"But here is balm for your rising protest. A few minutes of hard work night and morning will turn the trick. One hour of brisk walking a day is also, without any other form of outdoor sport, enough to keep your muscles in good condition.

"A low corset, which lifts the figure, individually fitted, worn by a woman who keeps her muscles taut by daily exercise, is a boon to health. Until in some glad hygienic day women assume the perfect posture as a matter of course, to wear such a garment is much better for the average woman than to try to do without it."

HUNTING SEALS FROM THE AIR

HOW AIRMEN recently have been assisting the hunters along the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in tracking down seals, is told by Edgar C. Middleton in *The Illustrated London News*. Our quotations are from excerpts in *The Aerial Age Weekly* (New York). Says Mr. Middleton:

"It happened in this way. A Newfoundland sealing captain who had returned to his calling from the war had watched the airmen hunting down U-boats among the gray wastes of the North Sea. He became aware of a certain similarity to his own business of sealing. There is something of the seal in a submarine, more than the fact that their habits are similar. The sealing captain put two and two together. An aerial observer who could spot the elongated form of a submarine from a distance of forty miles at 5,000 feet should add many hundreds to the catch when it came to seal-hunting.

"His idea materialized, and in March of this year there arrived at the Bay of Exploits, northward from which lie the great sealing grounds, a small party of British airmen. Led by Mr. F. S. Cotton, a young Australian, this party included another and a spare pilot, a couple of mechanics, and two machines, and forthwith they got to work erecting their hangar on the shores of the bay.

"Within a few weeks they were flying out hundreds of miles over the ice, cooperating with the ships in the sealing. In all, they covered 2,000 miles of the ice-fields, or something like 20,000 square miles, in the first expedition, one flight taking them very far from their base. This aerial cooperation assisted in a catch of 110,000 seals.

"Belle Isle is the center of the great seal fisheries. There the seals pass the winter. There the flipperlings—young seals—are born, and from there, as the ice begins to break up with the spring, they and their parents come floating southwards on huge blocks of ice. Every year, regular as clockwork, towards the end of February, the ice-floes start floating south. Every year, between March 21 and March 25, the entire seal nursery arrives off Fogo, where the sealing fleet waits their arrival.

"The actual bagging of the seals is a comparatively simple matter. Immediately they are sighted, the entire ship's company take to the boats, and, clambering on the ice, club the seals over the head, skin them, and haul their skins and fat back to the ships, at the rate of thousands a day.

"Like the old proverb, tho, you must first catch your seal 'before you sell his skin.' In these vast seas it is no easy matter to track down even an army of 100,000 seals. From the time that the ice-floes arrive until the seals take to deep water again, far beyond the hunter's reach, is only a matter of a few weeks at most. In that brief spell either the sealers have made their catch, or they return to harbor empty-handed for another twelve months."

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MUST THE WORLD DIE OF THIRST?

CHEERFUL SCIENTIFIC PROPHETS at various times have assured us that the human race will burn up, freeze, starve, or murder each other in war. Now a French scientist suggests that the earth is drying up. This happy thought is based on the belief that fresh-water streams are gradually finding their way into underground courses, where we can not get at them. If this interesting possibility beats the others to our fate, then we may imagine the last survivors of the race huddled in our deepest mines drilling in day and night shifts for the elusive fluid. In a book published in Paris by E. A. Martel, a French geologist, a chapter is devoted to this subject, and an abstract, translated from *La Nature* (Paris) appears in *The Scientific American Monthly* (New York). The retreat of surface waters to sub-surface courses appears to have been going on, the writer thinks, since remote geological epochs. Whether it is proceeding appreciably still, is open to question, but as early as 1861 this was maintained by a French geologist. Many explorers have held the opinion that the dried-up ravines of the Sahara carried great volumes of water in the Quaternary era. De Lapparent thought that during that same era the bottom of the Grand Cañon was filled with a much more powerful current than that of our time. The lowering of the level in the ancient lakes of Lahontan and Bonneville (Great Salt Lake), the ancient river borders and terraces, the plateaus of Provence, the desiccation of certain regions in Africa, Central Asia, etc., have long been pointed to as signs of an increasing spread of dryness. Says the reviewer:

"But most of all it is the recent researches in the interior of the ground itself which have 'transformed from a hypothesis to a certainty the idea that the waters are gradually making their escape into the sub-soil and that there is a substitution of a modern subterranean circulation for an ancient surface circulation.' Martel enumerates and describes a great many very curious examples of the disappearance of springs, the deepening of subterranean rivers, the going dry of wells, etc., which make the future desiccation of our globe seem inevitable. He says 'humanity must prepare for a fight with thirst.'

"One of the most convincing of the arguments offered to this effect is the perforation of the bottom of the upper galleries in caverns where subterranean rivers have dried up in the course of ages through an actual drawing off of their waters into profounder depths. This has been noted particularly in many of the caves among the Pyrenees. In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the largest cavern in the world, the upper galleries are perforated repeatedly in this manner by great orifices through which their ancient waters have escaped.

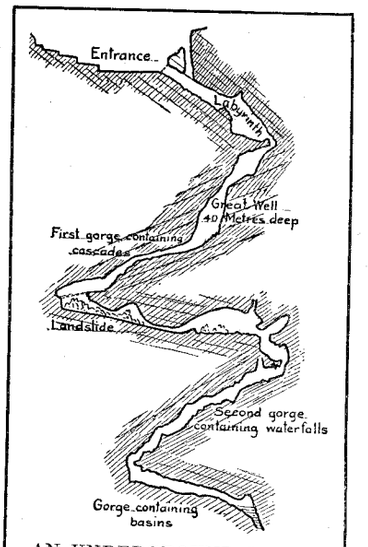
Illustrations used by courtesy of "The Scientific American."

WHERE ONE RIVER WENT.

Subterranean river entrance in the Rocky Mountains.

"Even under our very eyes we may see the capture of waters by the depths below. The valley of the Nesque now loses on the top of Monieux its stream of water, which is taken captive by the famous fountain of Vaucluse, and it requires very violent storms to cause even a temporary flood to run in the bed of this superb dry ravine.

"There is a lively dispute as to whether this process has been actually manifested during historic times. . . . While a number of authorities agree that there is evidence of the 'tangible visibility and rapidity of the phenomenon' in modern times, others hold that there has been no perceptible diminution of the waters upon the earth's surface during the period of historical record."



AN UNDERGROUND RIVER

In Montenegro, from its entrance 900 yards above sea level, to the lowest point explored, at 570 yards.

Still another controversy rages as to causes. Some geologists, including Martel and his school, ascribe it to the enlargement of fissures in the subsoil, together with a decrease in the amount of rain. Still another school makes this last cause entirely responsible. Some writers think that all the observed facts proceed only from regional changes in the distribution of rainfall, and thus remain purely local; others still hold that there is a progressive desiccation of the earth's surface, but declare that it is due to deforestation. Still another group believe that the phenomenon is due to the intensive cultivation of the soil.

HOW NATURE SWATS THE FLY.—Nature's method for getting rid of the house-fly is thus described editorially in the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Telegram*, by I. Foster Moore:

"About this time of year, as the cool days of Autumn begin to make us think that the morning ablutions are getting to be more or less of a nuisance, you will notice, now and again, house-flies on the window-panes, walls, or any convenient place which they have chosen for their demise. Your probable conclusion on such an occasion would be that the poor thing had been overcome by the autumn chill, but such is not the case, for *Musca domestica* died of *Empusa musae* (sounds bad enough to kill anything). If you should examine *domestica*, beg pardon, the fly, closely, you would notice that the body was slightly enlarged, having somewhat the color of yeast and something of its consistency; also the filaments of this yeast-like substance have glued the fly to its resting-place. *Empusa musae* is a fungus which attacks flies from early in the fall until winter finishes the job. This section is very favorable to the fungus disease of the house-fly, as moisture in the air causes rapid development of the hyphal bodies, as the fungus fragments that fill the body of the fly are called. The fly is attacked by floating spores, which attach themselves to it and throw out a thread which enters the body and, by budding and division, as in the lower protozoa, eventually fill the victim with the growth, feeding on the softer parts until death ensues. The local government board on public health and medical subjects of the City of London started a campaign under the direction of Dr. Julius Bernstein for a detailed study of this fungus and an attempt to cultivate the spores by artificial means, hoping to use it in the destruction of the house-fly on a large scale. It is probable that all insects have some fungus growth which attacks and kills them, and the entomologists have already studied and named many of them which attack many different species. So the next time you find an embalmed fly you will know what ails him. Meanwhile the fungus goes on performing a duty which commands our gratitude."

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THE "BLUE BOY" AND THE "TRAGIC MUSE" FOR AMERICA

TWO BRITISH INSTITUTIONS have finally been sacrificed to Hard Times. Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and Reynolds's "Tragic Muse" are reported sold by the Duke of Westminster to a firm of art dealers, and their ultimate destination is regarded as likely to be found in this country. To call these two pictures national institutions is not to exaggerate their importance in the realm of English culture. To bring the "Blue Boy" here would be like bringing the "Mona Lisa" from France, observes the New York *Times*. This painting was the repudiation of a claim that blue could not be used as the predominant color of a picture. Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds took opposite sides in this contention and the former painted the picture in proof. In mere money value nothing in the way of painted canvas has ever reached its selling price, which is reported to be £170,000 (nearly $680,000). Its coming to America may revive a lively dispute of the last centuries when New York auction rooms sold to the late George A. Hearn a "Blue Boy" that Mr. Hearn always maintained was Gainsborough's "original" and the Duke of Westminster's but a "replica." Of the two pictures the New York *Herald* writes:

GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY."

A national institution supposedly as immune as the "Mona Lisa," but sacrificed to the stress of Hard Times.

"This portrait of Mrs. Siddons was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1783 when the actress was at the zenith of her career and apparently a year or two earlier than the almost equally well-known portrait of her in walking-dress by Gainsborough. The gallant Sir Joshua was so delighted with the work that when he had finished it he said, 'I cannot lose this opportunity of sending my name to posterity on the hem of your garment.' And he wrote his name—he seldom signed his paintings—in large characters upon the gold embroidered border of the dress. In 1822 the painting came into the possession of the Grosvenor family and remained one of the chief pieces of their famous private gallery.

"The 'Blue Boy' hung in the same gallery until at the beginning of the World War it was removed for safekeeping to the National Gallery. This painting, which is very generally considered the best of Gainsborough's works, is believed to be the portrait of a youthful scion of the house of Bottall, wealthy iron founders of London. Its name is said to have come from the fact that it was painted by Gainsborough after a dispute with Sir Joshua Reynolds as to the value of making blue the predominant color in a portrait. From the family of the iron founder the portrait passed into the possession of Prince George of Wales, who sold it to a famous beau of the period, John Nesbitt. It was acquired by Earl Grosvenor and added to his collection early in the last century."

The sale has "created endless gossip both in artistic and social circles in London," says a cable dispatch to the *Herald*. The Duke of Westminster, with more than a square mile of London property covered by the fashionable districts of Belgravia and Mayfair, is "understood to be the one peer who is not in serious financial difficulties." When great art changes hands to-day the money element is the chief feature of discussion, and the *Herald* continues:

"The price paid for the two paintings is said to be £200,000, or at normal rates $1,000,000, the 'Blue Boy,' according to report, bringing £170,000, and the portrait of Mrs. Siddons £30,000. One of the highest prices previously recorded for a portrait by an English artist was the 52,000 guineas paid early in 1919 for George Romney's picture of the Beckford children, in the Duke of Hamilton's collection. Over this sale began the lively controversy, which has continued ever since in Great Britain, regarding the dispersion of the private art treasures of England. It was really the first time that the country found itself confronted with the problem of preserving its richest art possessions.

"One of the reasons for this was that the wealthy collector had confined himself largely to the Continent. But the best of the private collections there had been well culled over and what remained came to be rigorously protected, especially in Italy,

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France and the Netherlands, against removal from the country by stringent laws and high export taxes. There remained thus but one source in Europe for the obtaining of these treasures, and that was Great Britain. After-war conditions compelled the breaking up of many of the great estates and also forced upon the market some of the most jealously guarded and most prized paintings of the country. Strong appeals were made to British patriotism for the retention of these works in England. A plan of purchase through public subscription of the Romney portrait failed; in fact, the whole effort to preserve to England her famous paintings, either by the imposition of heavy export tax or the formation of special purchasing funds, failed because the matter was complicated through the demands for copyrights and concessions to modern painters and their families.

"That the two famous paintings from the Duke of Westminster's gallery will come to America for a short time at least, is a matter of much satisfaction. This country is rapidly becoming the home of the great masterpieces of the world. A London comment on the sale is to the effect that after all there may be relief in the fact 'that it is the generous wont of American millionaires to leave their spoils of European art treasures to public galleries.' This has been markedly true in the past. Mr. Morgan presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art some of the most distinguished of his art treasures; the collection of Mr. Altman, left to the same institution, is perhaps the richest collection of paintings of the Dutch and Netherland artists outside of Holland. The splendid collection of old masters' works left by Mr. Frick will also no doubt eventually be open to the public. There is every reason to believe that our great collectors of the future will not depart from the generous policy of their predecessors."

THE MUSIC ASSEMBLER—A film which is merely accompanied by more or less "suitable" airs of the rumty-tumty order is a thing of the past. Musical accompaniment has become one of the exacting features of a successful picture, and its creation is not left to the orchestra leader, but to the member of a "new profession" which the London *Daily Mail* thus describes:

"A rough-and-ready formula grew up: slow waltz for sentiment, funeral march for death scene, ragtime for humor, drum for motor-car. But no real subtlety in the provision of musical atmosphere could be achieved unless picture and accompaniment were wedded by a *musician*.

"Hence the arrival of the film music assembler—who must be endowed not only with an encyclopædic memory of musical literature and a highly sensitive dramatic instinct, but also be himself a gifted composer and have the elaborate possibilities of orchestral technique at his fingers' ends.

"Sitting in the darkness of the private theater, he is shown the film repeatedly, and as it passes before his eyes he makes lightning memoranda of the various motives involved. All the chief characters, treated by the modern method, must have their own musical motives; the subject as a whole must have its main musical theme; every incident or series of incidents must be either musically illustrated, harmonized with, or commented upon—sometimes seriously, sometimes ironically, but always with the object of providing that essential factor, an 'atmosphere'—and providing it at exactly the right instant. . . .

"In the fulness of time a young musician may become as celebrated for having composed the incidental music to a film as, say, the incidental music to such a play as 'Monsieur Beaucaire.' And meanwhile the assembling of musically atmospheric passages, their dramatic interruption by what Handel called 'valuable silences,' the harmonious linking up of separate tunes, is itself arriving at the dignity of an art. . . .

"Way Down East" and "The Bigamist" were immediately hailed as masterly blendings of picture and music. The former's music embellishment is the work of an American; the latter's was that of an Englishman, David Brooks."

ACTORS BILKING SHAKESPEARE

NO OTHER PROFESSION would take so complacently the charge Mr. Sothern has made against actors. With ranks overcrowded, the kind of players needed for a Shakespearean performance are barely to be found among the denizens of our stage. Should he lose the faithful group he has long gathered about himself and Miss Marlowe, their substitutes could not be produced, and Shakespeare would have to be shelved for lack of fit interpreters. Worse than this, when these veteran Shakespearean players proposed founding a school to teach deportment, diction and fencing—the accomplishments needed in the poetic drama—they found no pupils willing to attend. Our younger actors or would-be actors were satisfied with themselves as they are. "This particular instance," says Mr. J. Rankin Towse in the New York *Evening Post*, "has its significance because it illustrates what there is only too much reason to believe is a widely prevalent attitude." This:

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE "TRAGIC MUSE."

Sold by England, sought by France, but destined for America, one of the most famous of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings.

"As Mr. Sothern justly remarks, proficiency in such accomplishments, with all that it implies in the important matters of deportment, diction, and gesture, is just as much a necessary equipment in all the better forms of modern drama as it is in the romantic or classic. The almost universal neglect of it fully accounts for that lack of finish, distinction, and real vitality so characteristic of many contemporary performances. Too many players, he hints, have an aversion to anything like systematic

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study or hard work. They are content to rely upon the promptings of what they are pleased to consider their own intuitive genius. Everybody knows what that means. That is why there are so few first and so many second-rate actors.

"Old and uncontradicted as these arguments are, it is as well that they should be borne in mind. They lead to an unescapable conclusion. The theater, of course, will continue to exist and, after a fashion, grow. The question is not one of survival, but of character and influence. Few will dispute the contention of Mr. Sothern that it is only by great plays that great acting can be developed. It is a truism which has its corollary. Without great plays there can be no great actors. Doubtless many players have reaped fame and fortune by the display of some extraordinary faculty in pieces of no inherent worth. Liston as *Paul Pry*, Robson in 'The Porter's Knot,' Jefferson as *Rip*, Owens as *Solon Shingle*, E. H. Sothern as *Dundreary* are examples that instantly come to mind, and many others might be quoted. But none of these cases, taken individually, would justify the inclusion of the performer in the exclusive category of the 'great,' because there was nothing in the subject matter either of rare conception or loftiness of ideal that called for or permitted the highest tvpe of powerful, noble, or imaginative interpretation. It might even be asserted that the artistic dimensions of the acting are precisely limited by the intellectual and imaginative proportions of the play.

"This, after all, is only a roundabout way of saying that the play is the thing. Upon it, ultimately, every estimate of the theater must rest. Clever acting occasionally may confer a temporary fictitious value upon inferior kinds of drama, but cannot give it worth or durability. Moreover, as has been proved to the hilt during recent decades, a general decline in the standards of drama must inevitably be accompanied by a corresponding decay in the general efficiency of acting. It is this consideration that makes an intelligent direction of the theater so vital to its future not only from the artistic but from the commercial point of view."

In this failure of the stage the public is absolved from blame. They demand Shakespeare. The Sothern-Marlowe Company has been appearing at the Boston Opera House and will move to the Century Theater in New York—the largest houses these cities afford for the speaking drama. Mr. Mantell, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Lieber and Mr. John Barrymore are also employers of candidates for Shakespearean acting. But apparently the economic law of supply and demand parts here. The Indianapolis *Star* comments:

"People who attended the theater years ago and still visit it occasionally will agree that finished acting was far more common then than now, nor was it confined wholly to the 'stars.' A good many English actors came to America in those days and one of their noticeable characteristics was their speech, with its clear enunciation and pronunciation and the ease with which the voice was managed. English speech as we often hear it from casual visitors and occasional lecturers is not always clear or free from faults by any means, so that the vocal powers were evidently helped by special training. But our own leading actors were equally satisfying in this respect. It was a pleasure to listen to them,

"A change came about, however. Vocal training began to be neglected. Even the otherwise great Mansfield had an indistinctness of speech. As fine an actress as Mrs. Fiske has marred her career by her failure to enunciate clearly. Once the stage served as a model of what correct speech should be. Now it is far from that. Actors and actresses too often clip their words or run them together or fail to throw their voices properly. There are happy exceptions, and the natural conclusion must be that such men and women have really studied their art. But it does not often happen that any one on the stage suggests Shakespearean possibilities."

The rewards that are given actors of the rank of Mr. Sothern would seem to be a sufficient bait, but is the same thing true of the support? Herein might lie the answer. The New York *Herald* almost touches the point:

"There are constant reports that the profession of acting is overcrowded. There are said to be seven applicants, on the average, for every available post. Yet there is so little interest in one kind of acting that Mr. Sothern and other distinguished actors of Shakespeare are able only with great difficulty to find recruits for their companies. One branch of the profession certainly does not appear to be overcrowded."

DULL TEACHING OF HISTORY

HISTORY AND CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT have a poor show in the teaching of our schools and colleges. It is not charged that teachers do not know enough, but they fail to impart what they know so as to get under the skull of the pupil. The reason is that the student body have intellectually grown out of hand. "The material on which we operate," says President M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr, "the boys and girls in the schools and the students in our colleges, has been transformed under our hands into something entirely new and strange." The apparatus of teaching, lectures, recitations and text-books, belongs to the scrap-heap, "especially our text-books." She thinks that not alone text-books, but teachers, college executives and what not "are no longer vital in the eyes of our students." Speaking at the Founders' Day celebration of Mount Holyoke College, Miss Thomas gave the younger generation a place hardly granted them by the most advanced modern English fiction. "The profound interests to which they vibrate, their currents of passionate thought, sweep by us in secret channels unknown to us." And to choose an illustration she takes Wells's "Outline of History" as the kind of book this "passionate" generation ought to be set to study. Reported in the New York *Times* her words are:

"It is history of a wholly new kind and makes a world-wide appeal to the younger generation. Its inaccuracies, if there are any that are avoidable in so vast an undertaking, do not matter at all in comparison to its gripping qualities. Yet how few historians are making use of it. One courageous professor told me that he was using it, and he added that to his astonishment his habitually indifferent men students turned into famished kittens and lapped it up like new milk. All our text-books must be rewritten from this new point of view.

"But this new and almost universal appreciation of the power of education has brought upon us what I regard as the most terrible menace to American schools and colleges and to free and liberal thought that has come in my lifetime. The Federal and State Governments, Boards of Education, Americanization societies, American Legions and organizations of every kind are demanding that children and college students should be taught patriotism, concrete citizenship and 100 per cent. Americanism. This means that school teachers and college professors, as yet only in public schools and State universities, but unless the movement is determinedly opposed sooner or later everywhere, are being required to teach not how to make things as they should be, but that things as they are right; that the United States Constitution, as written 134 years ago, is perfect; that our highly unsatisfactory Government must not be criticized; that the United States flag, which, as we all know, flies over many cruel injustices which we hope to set right, must be reverenced as a sacred symbol of unchanging social order, of political death in life.

"The Lusk law passed in New York State is a hideous example of what may happen any day in any and every State. It is impossible to teach in our schools definite political or religious doctrine without arousing conflicting parties, one faction of which will surely rise up and rend the other. All the conservative forces now in control of the world are seizing upon this propagandist teaching in order to capture the younger generation and so save their ancient privileges. What this perversion of education did for Germany it may easily do for the United States. We need now progressive leadership of the most liberal kind to save the world from revolution. It can come only from the younger generation now in school and college. In our generation there is no such light or leading. One hundred per cent. Americanism such as this will strangle free thought in its cradle. Cut-and-dried opinions on practical matters are almost sure to be wrong. Agreement on contemporary questions is impossible.

"If our young people are to be instructed what to think on controversial subjects of contemporary politics, teachers and

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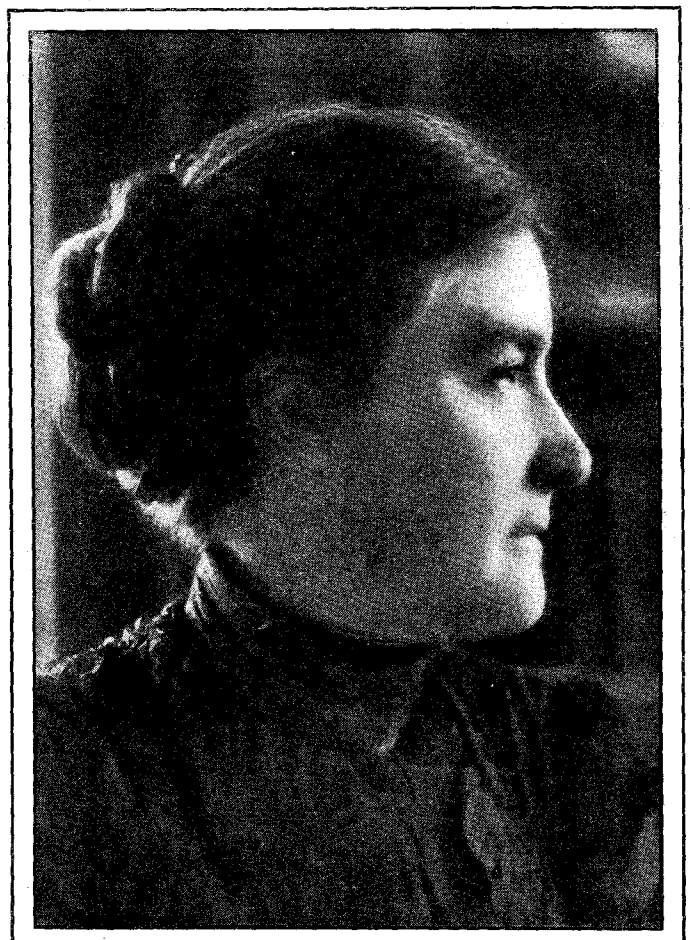
professors must teach the majority opinion held by Boards of Trustees and Boards of Education and the communities in which they teach. There is no other way out. Otherwise their official heads will inevitably roll into the basket. Our professors and teachers will then become timorous souls with no light and leading. Now is the time above all others to affirm as never before the freedom of teaching and freedom of opinion, to refuse utterly to teach cut-and-dried opinions, to claim as our highest right liberty to train our students to think for themselves and to work out for themselves after they leave school and college their own practical applications. Unless the youth of the world now in school and college can develop leadership there will be none in the next generation. Without vision our civilization will surely perish."



BRYN MAWR'S PRESIDENT.

Miss M. Carey Thomas, who thinks teachers of to-day fail to get under the skulls of their pupils.

Refusing to be carried away by the sweeping eloquence of the speaker, described by *The Independent* as "but one of a host of up-to-the-minute educational reformers," this paper analyzes the particular book she "wishes to substitute for the outworn methods of the past." And in doing this it calls to its aid the long review of Wells's book by Dr. J. S. Schapiro appearing in *The Nation*. The reviewer is called "a professor whose radicalism does not submerge his learning or his regard for truth." We quote:

"For Mr. Wells's 'unusual powers of imagination,' for his capacity to write 'superlatively well,' for his power of holding the attention of the reader, for his extraordinary feat in presenting the story of prehistoric man, and of man's forerunners, in a way at once scientific and thrilling, the reviewer has unqualified admiration. Far different is it with Mr. Wells's treatment of the history of the past two thousand years. Is this—as Miss Thomas nonchalantly assumes—because of his occasional inaccuracies? Not at all. 'Altho he makes comparatively few downright errors,' says the reviewer, 'his story of the Roman Empire, the Middle Ages, and Modern Times is tragically disappointing in view of the hopes he has raised in the earlier sections.' Let us look at a few of the specifications:

"'The various periods and countries are badly integrated, and the reader loses sight completely of the great path that humanity has traveled since its appearance on the earth.

"'Book V is the history of the Roman Empire. As may be expected, the children of Mars fare badly at the hands of the anti-militarist Mr. Wells. . . . The Roman Empire was "a colossally ignorant and unimaginative empire." It foresaw nothing. It had no conception of statecraft. . . . Even tho one may dislike the Romans, the fact nevertheless remains that, during a period of six centuries, they did unify the Western world and did create a world polity—that thing so much desired by Mr. Wells; they did create the system of private law upon which modern jurisprudence is largely based; they did create an administrative system which functions to this day in Latin Europe.

"'He gives us no evidence of being aware of the vast social changes that were taking place during the fourth and fifth centuries, the silent economic massacre of the lower middle classes, the sinking of the free laborers to a condition of serfdom, the race suicide—phenomena that surely offer some explanation for the decay of the Roman world.

"'So deeply hostile is Mr. Wells to Christianity that when he does say something nice about it he says something which is erroneous.'"

A footnote to the review appended by one of *The Nation's* editors speaks of the history as "one of the great English pamphlets"; and *The Independent* echoes:

"A great 'pamphlet' it certainly is; and the word may well serve to define the issue between our colleges on the one hand and the up-to-the-minute reformers on the other. Is the latest thrilling pamphlet—however brilliant in nature and however expanded in size—to furnish the ground work of the education of our young men and women? Is it to be the chief concern of the colleges to feed the minds of our 'new and strange' young people with stuff which they will 'turn to like famished kittens' and 'lap up like new milk,' as Miss Thomas tells us has happened with Well's 'Outline'? Is their desire for a delightful thrill to be gratified at the cost of the sense of intellectual responsibility, to say nothing of the habit of sober study and painstaking thought? The notion that either in history or in any other subject, a propagandist pamphlet that brushes aside all difficulties—that presents everything from the simplified standpoint of a facile writer exploiting a pet theory—can give to students that intellectual equipment which is the prime purpose of the colleges is worthy rather of some happy-thought journalist than of a representative of learning or culture."

FORGETTING HOW TO READ—Once a person has been taught how to read it has seemed that he ought to remain literate. But war-time statistics have shown that this has not been the case. A primary education has not insured that a pupil would go through life with ability to read, nor is that education necessarily to blame, argues the Springfield *Republican*, "tho when anything goes wrong it is customary in this country to blame the schools." The cause might equally lie outside, and demands an investigation.

"Society is not wrong in looking to education for a cure of many of the ills that afflict it. But it is mistaken about the dose. Primary schooling cannot be counted upon as a kind of vaccination which will last through life. If men lead illiterate lives early instruction will not save a considerable part of them from lapsing into illiteracy. And even if by intensive methods everybody could be carried onward and upward to the point of reading newspapers, consider how many other things which the schools are painfully trying to teach must be forgotten because of neglect. It is not fair to put all the blame on the schools; part of it is scattered among individuals too dull, shiftless, and indolent to use what education they have, but a good deal of it can be traced straight back to society as a whole which has been steadily dumping its problems upon the schools without granting enough time and money for their solution. The schools have been exhaustively investigated; now let us have a little investigation of why millions of adults have forgotten how to read."

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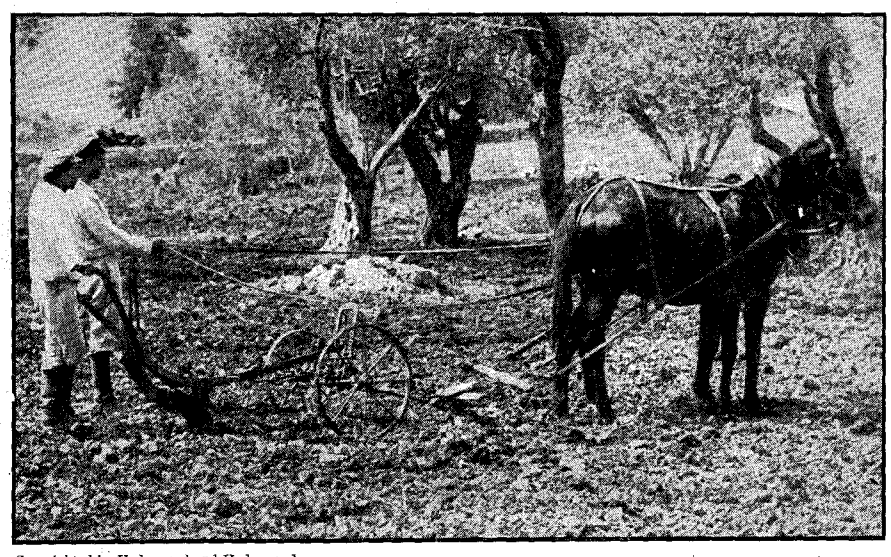
RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE DISPUTE OVER THE HOLY LAND

RESCUE PALESTINE from the "Jewish danger," runs a recent appeal said to have been sent to President Harding by an Arab delegation journeying to this country on the same ship with a Zionist delegation coming to spur on the cause of Zionism. The Arab Mohammedans and native Christians have already appealed to the British Government not to put into effect the Balfour Declaration, because, they say, the Zionists wish "to evict and dispossess the Arab population of Palestine," where now Jewish colonists are engaged in the industrial and agricultural rehabilitation of the home of their ancestors. The Balfour Declaration, issued in November, 1917, approves, it will be recalled, "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people," and states that the British Government will use their best endeavors to facilitate this object, while at the same time reserving to all non-Jewish communities their full civil and religious rights. So, reasons *The Day*, a New York Jewish paper, "the whole world knows that the Zionists are coming to Palestine not to destroy, but to build. The Zionist ideal has always been to live in harmony with the Arab population, which has everything to gain from a populous and prosperous Palestine." The Arabs, however, appear to have visions of their country, their holy places, and their lands taken from them and given to strangers, and of being gradually forced out by a massed immigration of Jews. The native Christians, allied with the Mohammedans in this cause, have said in various utterances that they will never agree to live under a Jewish government. The Vatican, too, has definitely arrayed itself among the Zionists' enemies, declares the Chicago *Israelite*, an anti-Zionist paper, "and the Pope has appealed to the Christian Powers to counteract Zionist activities in the Holy Land."



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MODERN METHODS IN ANCIENT SOIL.

Jewish farmers find American plows handier than the sharp sticks their fathers used.

But the Zionists assure the native peoples that their fears are groundless. "Our policy in regard to the Arabs, as in regard to all our problems, is clear and straightforward," said Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president, in his address to the Twelfth Zionist Congress, recently held at Carlsbad. He declares, furthermore, we read in press dispatches:

"We intend to abate no jot of the rights guaranteed to us by the Balfour Declaration, and recognition of that fact by the Arabs is an essential preliminary to the establishment of satisfactory relations between Jew and Arab. Their temporary refusal to recognize that fact compels us to give thought to the means by which we can best safeguard our Yishub against aggression. Self-protection is an elemental duty. But we proclaim most solemnly and unequivocally that we have in our own hearts no thought of aggression, no intention of trespassing on the legitimate rights of our neighbors. We look forward to a future in which Jew and Arab will live side by side in Palestine, and work conjointly for the prosperity of the country. Nothing will stand in the way of such a future, when once our neighbors realize that our rights are as serious a matter to us as their rights are to them."

In trying to assuage the animosities and suspicions of both sides, Sir Herbert Samuel, the British High Commissioner under the mandate, and himself a distinguished Jew, occupies a difficult position. He has been accused of being too lenient with Arab outbreaks on the one hand, and of being not sufficiently Zionistic on the other. However, in his recent report to Parliament he declares that the policy of the British Government "contemplates the satisfaction of the legitimate aspirations of the Jewish race throughout the world in relation to Palestine, combined with a full protection of the rights of the existing population." He is convinced that the means can be found to effect this combination, and says: "The Zionism that is practicable is the Zionism that fulfils this essential condition." It is the clear duty of the Mandatory Power, insists the Commissioner further, to promote the well-being of the Arab population, for "if the growth of Jewish influence were accompanied by Arab degradation, or even by a neglect to promote Arab advancement, it would fail in one of its essential purposes. The grievance of the Arab would be a discredit to the Jew, and in the result the moral influence of Zionism would be gravely impaired." Then too—

"Simultaneously, there must be satisfaction of that sentiment regarding Palestine—a worthy and ennobling sentiment—which, in increasing degree, animates the Jewries of the world. The aspirations of these fourteen millions of people also have a right to be considered. They ask for the opportunity to establish a 'home' in the land which was the political, and has always been the religious, center of their race. They ask that this home should possess national characteristics—in language and custom, in intellectual interests, in religious and political institutions.

"This is not to say that Jewish immigration is to involve Arab emigration, that the greater prosperity of the country, through the development of Jewish enterprises, is to be at the expense, and not to the benefit of the Arabs, that the use of Hebrew is to imply the disappearance of Arabic, that the establishment of elected Councils in the Jewish Community for the control of its affairs is to be followed by the subjection of the Arabs to the rule of those Councils. In a word, the degree to which Jewish national aspirations can be fulfilled in Palestine is conditioned by the rights of the present inhabitants."

But the fear that Palestine will eventually become a Jewish political state persists, whether or not it is the result of agita-

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tion, and, says *The Christian Science Monitor*, "it is just this threatened process of absorption which the Arab is determined to resist." Syrians, Mohammedans, Christians, and even Jews, loudly protest against the consummation of the plan, declares *The Christian Observer* (Presbyterian). "All parties alike are antagonistic to the Zionist movement, which aims at the settlement of Palestine with a class of Jews, either extremely poor or extremely devout," in neither case "desirable material from which to build up a new commonwealth. . . . Thus 'the mills of the gods grind slowly,' and we can only stand by and study with absorbed interest the slow unfolding of the roll of destiny as regards the Holy Land and the promises of the Book concerning it."

PROTESTANT GROWTH IN FRANCE

SURVIVING THE AGE-LONG RELIGIOUS WARS, Protestantism in France is to-day declared to be in a flourishing condition, according to the first complete report to reach this country since the armistice, and there are said to be factors in its growth which indicate that its roots have withstood all efforts to weed them out and are at last firmly established in the soil. Protestantism had its beginning in France in the early part of the sixteenth century under the Huguenots, and, in spite of continued and violent conflict, received so many converts that in 1561 there were 2,150 Reformed churches. But, at length, the sanguinary outbreaks against the new faith culminated in the tragic "Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day," which is branded with other persecutions as "odious" by The Catholic Encyclopedia. These had their effect, and in the early part of the seventeenth century the Huguenots, who had once formed a tenth of the population, were reduced to a few hundred thousands. In 1802, according to The Encyclopedia Britannica, there were left only 121 pastors and 171 churches; in Paris there was only a single church with a single pastor. The Church had no faculty or theology, no schools, no Bible societies, no asylums, no orphanages, no religious literature. Now, according to the Statesman's Year Book, there are about 1,000,000 Protestants in France, and a comparative study of the report contained in the *Agenda-Annuaire Protestant* for 1921 with the report of 1918, writes Reginald L. McAll in *The Intelligencer* (Reformed Church), reveals some additional interesting facts. Excluding Alsace-Lorraine, there are, according to Mr. McAll's summary, 840 ordained ministers, as compared with 872 on the list of 1918, a decrease explained by the fact that more than one-half of the ministers were mobilized, many of them never to return to their work. In this figure are represented seven denominations, of which the two branches of the Reformed Church number together 644 clergy. The Lutherans have 73, Eglise Libre (Free Church), 42; Evangelical Methodists, 28; Baptists, 28, and various independent churches, 15. In addition, there are ten French pastors working under the American Methodist Episcopal Church. In their home missionary work these churches maintain, or assist in supporting, more than 550 preaching stations, annexes or Sunday schools, which possess their own buildings. Many of these are under the control of the Société Centrale Evangelique and the Mission Populaire, while the Geneva Evangelical Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society furnish many lay helpers and colporteurs for evangelistic work. The return of Alsace-Lorraine restores to France a large number of Protestants, chiefly Lutherans. Among them are 209 ministers, who serve 265 churches. The vitality of all these churches is exprest, we are informed:

"Firstly, in the variety and extent of their Christian philanthropy and social service. They support 53 hospitals and general asylums, including the well-known Asiles John-Bost at Laforce, established in 1848. Local charities and mutual aid societies exist all over the country. Thirty orphanages care for girls and nineteen for boys. Some of the twenty-four institutional plants for special work are noteworthy. One hundred Patronages serve as social centers and homes for children and young men and women.

Several agencies have developed for sending young people and children to the country in the summer, and permanent country homes are being purchased by the Mission Populaire. . . . There are about sixty Protestant schools, and the number is increasing. The two most important theological faculties of Paris and Montpelier report a shortage of students. Many French pastors, however, come from the five Protestant seminaries in Switzerland.

"The foreign missionary activity of French Protestants gives further evidence of their vitality. In the French West Africa colonies, for which they are entirely responsible, there are 179 French missionaries, both men and women. In 1918 the number was 185. This is in the proportion of one missionary for every five pastors at home. The corresponding ratio for the year 1918 in the United States was one to sixteen.

"The record is the more remarkable when it is remembered that most of the French churches are small, and weak financially.

"Yet we find that in 1918 the French churches gave for foreign missions 16.5 per cent. of all the money they raised. At that time American Protestants gave about 8.3 per cent. for their foreign work, or about one-half the proportion raised in France. While the financial data for 1920 is not at hand, we certainly have far to go to equal the sacrifices being made to-day by French Protestants to spread the Gospel in their own mission fields. . . .

"But most important of all, the *Agenda* indicates that the vigor of French Protestantism is due to the spiritual fidelity and intellectual integrity of its leaders. While using institutional methods with great skill, they allow nothing to obscure their first aim, that of saving souls. They have fire, they preach the faith once delivered to the saints, and they are reaching the unchurched masses of the French people."

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ZIONIST COLONISTS AT WORK IN PALESTINE.

An advance guard of the "massed immigration" feared by the native Arabs.

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RELIGION RISING ABOVE GENESIS

UNFETTERED THINKING in theology will not do violence to our religion, asserts that liberal thinker, Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, whose own theology apparently has in nowise been shaken by rejection of the accounts in Genesis and acceptance of the theory of evolution. To ascribe only legendary origins to these accounts, he declares in effect, does not impair, but rather strengthens, his belief in God. "The Gloomy Dean," as he is familiarly known in England, is regarded as their arch enemy by evangelists of the old school and by the modern literalists, and he has frequently been challenged in press and pulpit for his open rejection of certain cardinal teachings common to both the Protestant and Catholic branches of the Christian Church. To him this means that there are many persons who think that whatever advances may be made in human knowledge, the teaching of the Church must remain congealed and petrified, forbidden to change in any particular. Yet, he declares, this sort of religion, which is kept in a watertight compartment, which never has interchange of play on secular experience, which leaves its problems of faith and practise to the priest to work out, has proved impotent for the regeneration of society. "The failure of Christainty" has become a commonplace, and he argues in *The Evening Standard* (London) that "it was unable to prevent the World War; it did nothing to prevent the war from being waged with unexampled barbarity; it has had no success in mitigating the bitter antagonism of class against class." Therefore, "something is clearly wrong. We have a great and costly machinery for bringing the Gospel of Christ to bear on the world, and its influence seems to be very small indeed." Now, however, that "materialism and secularism have landed Europe in a terrible disaster," he thinks there is a chance that men will be willing to listen to the religion of Christ —if put before them as a form of practical idealism—as a way of living based on the standard of values found in the New Testament. As things are,

"The enemy of Christianity is secularism—that false standard of values which takes life in the world, the world of the senses, the world of claims and counter-claims, as the ultimate reality. This creed of 'practical men' has proved impracticable; it has brought our civilization to the brink of ruin. We Christians believe that we know the way out; and we wish to see what we believe to be the truth put fairly and simply before our generation.

"We believe that Christianity, as a moral and spiritual revelation, is final; we none of us wish to alter it in any way. But we find that one of the obstacles which prevent it from being accepted is that it is brought before the people mixed up with a great deal of obsolete science. A few centuries ago it was thought that we must choose between Christ and Galileo. Fifty years ago it was thought that we must choose between Christ and Darwin."

But every educated man, says the Dean, knows that the main facts of organic evolution are firmly established, and that they are very different from the legends borrowed by the ancient Hebrews from the Babylonians. These stories, he asserts, "are no part of the Christian religion; they are not part of religion at all." Nor have the discoveries of science "diminished the awe and reverence which we owe to the Creator of the universe." Similarly "our faith can hold its own without difficulty in the field of philosophy. It is practical, not theoretical, materialism which is the danger, and those who are affected by it are not scientists, critics, or philosophers, but people of a very different stamp." And here Dr. Inge asserts his belief that in the field of Christian mysticism "is the region in which immediate certainty of the reality of the spiritual world is attainable." Some "have had moments at least in which they have passed beyond the veil." So,

"The cause of religion must be won on its own field—that of the devout life Religion can be neither proved nor disproved by anything outside itself. It is real to those who live in it; it justifies itself progressively to those who will make the necessary sacrifices in order to find the pearl of great price. All the best modern thought is converging in this direction. In a sense, it makes the attainment of truth more difficult, because 'it takes all there is of us' to win it; but it also makes it much simpler.

"We are not required to do violence to our reason by rejecting the assured results of modern research. It will be a happy day when we feel ourselves free, as indeed we are. Every branch of truth is sacred; every new discovery of the methods of nature is a new revelation of the law of God's world. Truth, Beauty and Goodness are the three attributes under which the Creator is known to us; or, if we prefer it, we may use St. John's words and say that God is Light, Life and Love. In Him is no darkness—no obscurantism—at all.

"Traditional Christianity must be simplified and spiritualized. It is at present encumbered by bad science and caricatured by bad economics, both of them the result of latent materialism. Real Christianity is 'an other-worldly religion,' inasmuch as it 'looks not at the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen.' But the things that are not seen are the strongest things in the world. We have tried in vain to transform society by trying experiments with the machinery of a secularist civilization. We might as well try to lift ourselves by our boot-laces, as an American said.

"It is other-worldliness which alone can transform the world. This is, in Matthew Arnold's words, the secret and the method of Christ; and the more convinced we are of this, the less disposed we shall be to stake the existence of our faith on superstitions which are the religion of the irreligious and the science of the unscientific."

A DRIVE TO RECRUIT CATHOLIC YOUTH

A VIGOROUS CATHOLIC MOVEMENT is on throughout the world to recruit membership in Catholic Youth societies, which correspond in general aim to the Y. M. C. A., organized under Protestant auspices. Considerably more than a million members were represented, we are told, at the international congress recently held in Rome, where Pope Benedict said that "they are the hope of the Church of the future." Europe, Asia, Africa and North and South America were represented. Even China had a spokesman at the congress. According to the National Catholic Welfare Council News service, which supplies the Catholic papers,

"Reports submitted by the delegates showed that the organization of Catholic young men in Europe had been growing very successfully notwithstanding the social and economic upheavals caused by the World War. In Austria there are 600 young men's organizations with 300,000 members. Belgium has 300 clubs and 10,000 members. There are 86,000 members in the young men's association of Czecho-Slovakia, and 3,162 clubs with 340,000 members in Germany. The French Catholic Juvenile Association had 150,000 members before the war, but this total has been materially reduced.

"Thus far China has no separate organization of young men, but Catholic youth of the Republic are numerous and zealous. Their activities are really part of the general Catholic movement. Spain has a national confederation of Catholic students. Its membership is about 15,000. In Holland both young men and young women are organized. The parochial sections number 25,000 young men and the syndicates of Catholic juvenile workers represent a considerable strength.

"The Brazilian Catholic Union has 3,000 members, but notwithstanding its relative weakness in numbers it has a secretariat, wages campaigns against immoralities of all kinds, conducts spiritual retreats and operates a library. In Switzerland the Catholic youth have a national organization which concerns itself with religious and social questions.

"The Catholic Copts of Egypt are but a small minority, yet an association for young men has been formed and is doing good work. Its membership is recruited from among the youth of the various nationalities belonging to the several oriental rites represented in the Catholic household of Egypt. The Catholic young men of Jugo-Slavia have been gathered into a strong organization and are showing initiative and energy in defending their Christian patrimony from their enemies."

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CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

POEMS that express an emotion or a thought are frequent, but we do not often find one that defines a philosophy of living. Such a rarity appears in the London *Westminster Gazette*, and it possesses the added charm of suggesting the affection between France and England that persists despite all political bickerings. As to its philosophy of living, what could be more reasonable and attractive than "to have a temperance of goods and gold," "to love a woman," and "to live with justice, vision, and no hate."

LE PETIT MANOIR

By Vioia Garvin

"Avoir une maison . . . "

To have a house, clean, comfortable and sweet,
Where France's shoulder—if it so might be—
Naked and snowy woos the Channel sea,
Fringed with sea pinks where chalk and clover meet—
To have a house, clean, comfortable and sweet,

To cultivate our garden, with a prayer.
To say, when autumn mellows the red wall,
"This is September; this is best of all."
Spring brought a fever, summer many a tear—
To cultivate our garden, with a prayer.

To have good wine, ripe fruit, a table spread—
To hook the shutter back at noon and say,
"I can see England—I smell rain to-day,"
And coffee freshly ground, and baking bread—
To have good wine, ripe fruit, a table spread,

To have a temperance of goods and gold.
To pass the window, and look in and see
The other waiting where one used to be
Alone; and asking if the tale were told—
To have a temperance of goods and gold.

To love a woman. Tranquil and serene,
To take her hand, and to forget a span
The old, long loneliness that shadows man;
With no waste word of what might once have been—
To love a woman. Tranquil and serene.

To live with justice, vision, and no hate.
See without looking; See—but not without
Giving slow judgment clemency's last doubt,
Knowing too well the tyranny of fate—
To live with justice, vision, and no hate.

To wait for death with patience and content.
To sleep eternally; nor yet to shirk
A reawakening once again to work
If for such hidden purpose we are meant—
To wait for death with patience and content.

THE *Far East* (Tokyo) gives us a view of the lotus flower somewhat different from its common Western attribute as a drug. The writer here says—"The prettiest memory I have of the summer was seeing my little sisters and their cousins dancing in a ring, and singing the 'Lotus Song' in their clear, soft voices."

LOTUS SONG

By B. L. S.

The children gather in a ring;
They swing and sway, and softly sing
About the lovely lotus white
That blooms by day, and dreams by night.

They spread their little arms out wide,
Then meet, with hands held high inside;
And this is what the children sing
When dancing in the lotus ring:

"Opened, opened! What flower has opened?
The lotus flower has opened
Scarce has it bloomed, when, lo! it is closed again.
Closed, closed! What flower has closed?
The lotus flower has closed.
Scarce has it slept, when, lo! it awakens."

WHILE on the subject of Japanese feeling we find in the *Freeman* this little group of lyrics that give us further glimpses into the different feeling of the East and the West.

JAPANESE LYRICS

The Shogun Sanetomo

(Twelfth century.)

(Translated from the Japanese by Madame Yukio Ozaki)

THE UNDERGROUND RIVER

The subterranean river takes its rise,
And flows unseen beneath the hills;
Like this my love; and I indeed am sad
Because I may not tell my love.

HOPING AGAINST HOPE

Sore vexed for being made to wait so long
I would no longer wait for her;
But, even then, that night the Moon alone
Came o'er the summit of the hill.

AUTUMN SADNESS

In autumn evenings, on the plain,
Even the leaves of trees and flowers,
That neither think nor love, are wet with dew.

My eyes are all bedimmed awaiting her,
So that I can not clearly see the moon;
E'en thus my heart o'ershadowed is with gloom
Which can not be dispelled before she comes.

THE EVENING HOUR

The Regent Gokyoku

(Kamakura epoch)

(Translated from the Japanese tanka *of thirty-one syllables.)*

Thinking of you,
Watching the evening sky where you must be,
If people turn their heads and question me,
What shall my answer be?

SIGHS

Manyoshu

(Written by a lady a thousand years ago when her husband departed to Korea on an Imperial Mission.)

My lord, when tarrying beyond the seas,
You watch the mists arise,
Know that in them I sadly send to thee
My breath of sighs.

FROM a Rugby schoolboy comes this through the columns of the *Morning Post* (London). The classics become humanized by English schoolboys in a way rather outside our experience:

HERO AND LEANDER

By J. T. G. Macleod

All the long night a-weary of thought she kept
Her storm-swung vigil, lingering there alone
With open eyes that watched, but had not wept
These many hours, for doubt of the unknown;
Filled with faint fears that could not speak, and tears
That would not fall, and with soft hope that soon
Leander's lips would kiss away her fears,
She stood, a moonbeam paler than the moon.

Beneath her window, in a bed of scent
From the bruised cyclamen, Leander lay,
While gentle ripples, rocking penitent
For cruel strife that tossed his soul away
Lulled him to his long sleep. Above, moonbeams
Strewed love upon pale Hero as she slept
Calm now, no dread to purple all her dreams;
And thus his tryst her tired Leander kept.

THE note of the exile, whether merely expatriate or absentee doesn't matter, is poignantly sounded in these lines from the New York *Times*. Ireland's woes divorced from politics can touch all.

IN THE TENDER IRISH WEATHER

By Lillian Middleton

Oh! the calm, brown mountain and the endless miles of heather,
And the rugged, grave horizon where the white clouds roll;
And my cheek against the soft cheek of the tender Irish weather,
And in all the space around me not a soul—not a soul!

There the skylark and the blackbird and the linnet sing together,
With ne'er a one to still them nor human voice to speak—
Oh! 'tis long since I have lulled me in the tender Irish weather,
And my heart is hot within me for the touch of her cheek!

But they say that on the mountain where I've lain among the heather,
With the plover's note a-mourning thro' the haze of blue,
That the cold and dead are lying in the soft cheeked Irish weather.
And oh! my heart is breaking for the mountain that I knew!

THIS poem in the New York *Times* is a little homily for to-day, but the lesson is implied not exprest. It shows the outside and the inside of one's consciousness dealing with the question of work and no work, and many, alas, will respond to it:

UNEMPLOYED!

By Florence Van Cleve

Only last week he viewed the Hopeless Ones
With pity in his heart for such as they—
Pity and scorn—for surely (so he mused)
There must be, at the bottom, reason for it;
Surely no able man need want for work:
The World cries out for hands to do her tasks—
For brains to solve the problems facing her;
The War's grim wreckage must be cleared away;
The starving nations look to us for food;
Two blades of wheat must grow in place of one:
So much—so much to do!

And yet today

He looks around him with bewildered eyes,
For he is one of these! They recognize
His kinship by his furtive, frightened air;
Self-confidence is gone—he fears the worst!

How empty seem the streets he used to know
Alive with workers on their daily march!
Last week he stepped out boldly with the rest,
Ready to meet his fellows with a smile;
But now he shuns them—goes his doubting way
Down unfrequented streets, afraid lest one
Should ask him "what he does there at that hour."
Last week the Universe was on his side;
But now each human face looks sinister;
Cosmos is Chaos; he is Unemployed!

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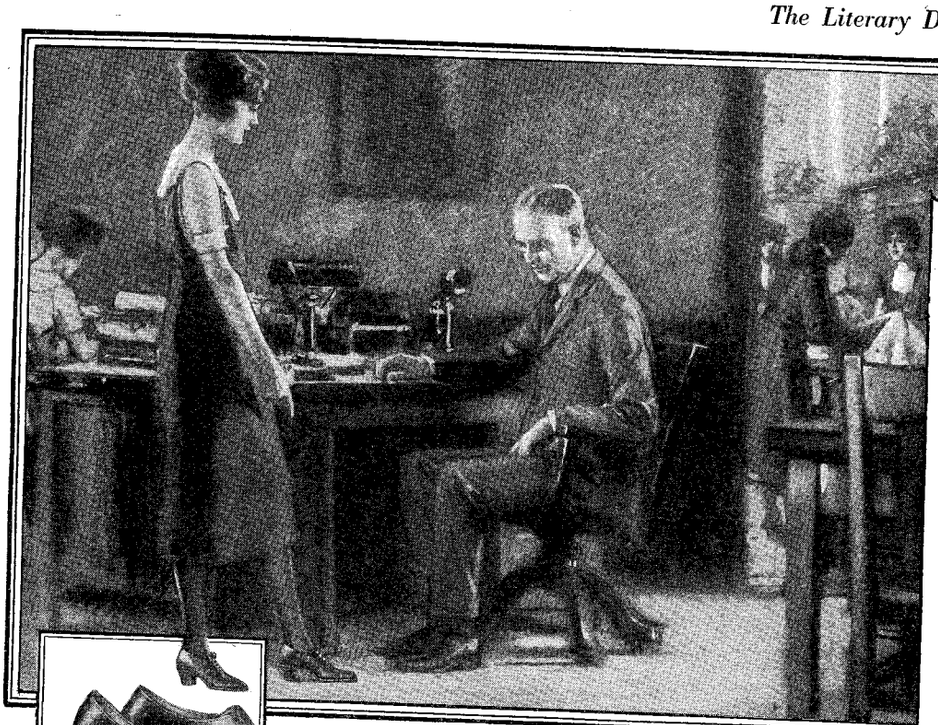


How the Right Shoes Increased Her Sales

A true story with a lesson for all men and women

"MISS GREEN, you and eight other girls out of seven hundred have shown increased sales during the last three months. All the others show losses. Why have you been able to increase your sales?"

"Who are the eight girls?" asked the young woman.

The president of the store read the names. The girl seemed happy to answer:

"Shoes—Cantilever Shoes. I got them first. Later I took each of those girls, in turn, to the Cantilever Shop. In Cantilevers, you see, our minds are off our feet. The business gets all our attention. We don't feel cross, cranky or tired. I suppose that's why our sales are good."

That afternoon the president of the big store walked into the Cantilever Shop and asked a salesman to explain the features of Cantilever Shoes.

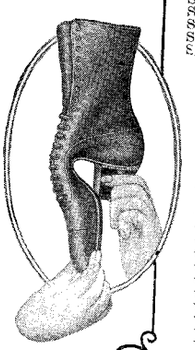
The Cantilever salesman took a shoe and bent the sole at the shank, showing how the shoe conforms to the human foot, even to having a flexible arch like the foot. He said, "the arch of the foot should flex with every step, according to nature, yet ordinary shoes are made rigid by a concealed metal shank-piece that forbids free movement of the muscles. There is no rigid shank in Cantilevers. The 'waist' is designed to hug the instep, the shoe fits and supports the arch restfully. The flexibility allows the arch muscles free play and this, together with the natural lines of the shoe, permits perfect circulation.

"It is important to allow the foot muscles to exercise, to keep well and strong. The forepart of a Cantilever Shoe is shaped to look well, while allowing the toes to lie in their normal position. Cantilever heels are moderately high—high enough to be smart, without throwing the posture of the body out of balance as exaggerated heels do, causing unnatural pressure and strain on the nerves and the internal organs. By wearing Cantilever Shoes a woman avoids headaches and backaches, irritability and nervousness. She is brighter and happier."

"The subject is of great importance to the business woman who is required to stand during the greater part of the working period. The tired feeling often complained of at the end of the day's work may be attributed to ill-fitting shoes.
—Dr. Wilmer Krusen, head of the Department of Public Health of Philadelphia.

"Pain is a great foe to good looks. Comfort works just the other way. If you are comfortable, you are apt to be pleasant, and pleasantness and prettiness are often synonymous terms. Eliminate as many of your worries as you conveniently can—and your tight shoes."
—Grace Margaret Gould on "Good Looks" in *Woman's Home Companion*.

"Working women are the worst offenders. It is the girls who are on their feet most who persists in wearing the highest heels. Sensible women have learned that they can increase their efficiency and even earn bigger salaries by wearing shoes built for solid comfort and health."
—Dr. Evangeline W. Young of Boston.



If no dealer listed at the right is near you, the Manufacturers, MORSE & BURT CO., No. 1 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., will mail you the Cantilever Shoe Booklet and the address of a nearby dealer.

Cantilever Shoe comfortable-goodlooking

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Asbury Park—Best Shoe Co.
Asheville—Anthony Bros.
Atlanta—Carlton Shoe & Clo. Co.
Austin—Carl H. Mueller
Baltimore—325 No. Charles St.
Battle Creek—Bahlman's Bootery
Bay City—D. Bendall Co.
Birmingham—219 North 19th St.
Boston—Jordan Marsh Co.
Bridgeport—W. K. Mollan
Brooklyn—414 Fulton St.
Buffalo—639 Main St.
Butte—Hubert Shoe Co.
Charleston—J. F. Condon & Sons
Chicago—30 E. Randolph St., Room 502
Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
Cleveland—Graner-Powers,1274 Euclid Av.
Colorado Springs—M. B. Rich Shoe Co.
Columbia, S. C.—Watson Shoe Co.
Columbus, Miss.—Simon Loeb's
Columbus, O.—The Union
Dallas—Leon Kahn Shoe Co.
Davenport—R. M. Neustadt & Sons
Dayton—The Riker-Kumler Co.
Denver—A. T. Lewis & Son
Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
Detroit—T. J. Jackson, 41 E. Adams Ave.
Easton—H. Mayer, 427 Northampton St.
Elizabeth—Gigi's, 1053 Elizabeth Ave.
Elmira—C. W. O'Shea
El Paso—Popular Dry Goods Co.
Erie—Weschler Co., 910 State St.
Evanston—North Shore Bootery
Fitchburg—Wm. C. Goodwin
Fort Dodge—Schill & Habenicht
Galveston—Fellman's
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
Greenville, S. C.—Pollocks'
Harrisburg—Orner's, 24 No. 3d St.
Hartford—86 Pratt St.
Houston—Clayton's, 803 Main St.
Huntington, W.Va.—McMahon-Diehl Co.
Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Jackson, Mich.—Palmer Co.
Jacksonville—Golden's Bootery
Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
Johnstown, Pa.—Zang's
Kansas City, Kan.—Nelson Shoe Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Jones Store Co.
Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
Lancaster—Frey's, 3 E. King St.
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Lawrence, Mass.—G. H. Woodman
Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
Little Rock—Poe Shoe Co., 302 Main St.
Los Angeles—505 New Pantages Bldg.
Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
Lowell—The Bon Marche
Macon—The Daunenberg Co.
McKeesport—Wm. F. Sullivan
Meridian—Winner, Klein & Co.
Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
Minneapolis—21 Eighth St., South
Missoula—Missoula Merc. Co.
Mobile—Level Best Shoe Store
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Morristown—G. W. Mellck
Muncie—Miller's, 311 So. Walnut St.
Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
Newark—897 Broad St. (Opp. City Hall)
New Britain—Sloan Bros.
New Haven—153 Court St. (2d floor)
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Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
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San Francisco—Phelan Bldg. (Arcade)
San Jose—Hoff & Kayser
Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
Savannah—Globe Shoe Co.
Schenectady—Patton & Hall
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Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
Sioux Falls—The Bee Hive
South Bend—Ellsworth Store
Spokane—The Crescent
Springfield, Ill.—A. W. Klaholt
Springfield, Mass.—Forbes & Wallace
Stamford—L. Spelke & Son
Syracuse—136 S. Salina St.
Tacoma—Fidelity Building (8th floor)
Tampa—Glenn's, 507 Franklin St.
Terre Haute—Otto C. Hornung
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Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

NEW SIDE LIGHTS ON T. R.

"POSTERITY WILL KNOW ROOSEVELT more completely than it will know any of his predecessors," predicts President Harding in a letter to the Roosevelt Memorial Association, quoted in one of the numerous articles inspired by the ex-President's birthday, on October 27. Lately the newspapers have taken up the campaign, and "the Colonel has been back on the front page again," observes Hermann Hagedorn, writing in *Leslie's Weekly*, "thus revealing even in death the characteristic resiliency." Two new Roosevelt volumes reenforce the magazine and newspaper comment. One of them, "My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt," by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson (Scribners), has been running in *Scribner's Magazine*. "Almost confidential personal recollections," Mrs. Robinson calls her book. The other, "Roosevelt the Happy Warrior," by Bradley Gilman (Little Brown) is described as "a biography, written *con amore* by a Harvard classmate, that is full of illuminating anecdotes and memories of this great American." Mr. Gilman, by consultation with a number of men who were acquainted with the young Roosevelt during his college course, has collected much new material, dealing with the beginning of the future President's career. In those college days of '76-'80, Roosevelt, says his latest biographer, "had all the mental and physical energy and less sophistication than he acquired, inevitably, afterward." The writer goes on to present some of the little illustrative incidents that are liberally scattered through his narrative:

Photo from "Roosevelt, the Happy Warrior," (Little Brown).

IN HIS SIDE-WHISKERED PERIOD.

Members of a Harvard Dining Club which Roosevelt, the only youth shown with whiskers, enlivened during his "salad days." He lacked sophistication, says his latest biographer, but he had "pep" to spare.

In our classroom, in our lecture hours, it was not often that any student broke in upon the smoothly flowing current of the professorial address. But Roosevelt did this again and again, naively, with the evident aim of getting at the more detailed truth of the subject. One of my classmates, who was in his section of Political Economy (Pol. Econ., for short) writes me that he recalls Roosevelt's pushing questions at the instructor, and even debating points with him. This novel action made Roosevelt a subject of wonder and comment. Free Trade was the undergraduate fetich, at Harvard, at that epoch, and probably was the topic most debated.

Another letter from another classmate goes more in detail. I quote from the letter, literally: "I recall an incident in one of the classes when the instructor, Professor D——, a much beloved man, was discussing the differences between curly-haired races and those with straight hair. The opinion was presented by him that straight-haired races greatly excelled. Whereupon Roosevelt—you remember he had brown curly hair—arose and declared very forcibly, that he did not agree with the instructor. At once the whole section 'Wooded up', with much laughter. And Professor D—— joined in it. Roosevelt was by no means dismayed, but, now with his smile, stuck to his point. 'I'm right in my view, just the same.' Then he sat down."

From a classmate's letter I quote: "I was with Roosevelt in Rhetoric section. Just who the instructor was I can not say. But I remember that it was always difficult to get any definite statement out of him, on any subject. One day Roosevelt tried. I remember distinctly his vain efforts to get 'Yes' or 'No' in reply to his question. Perhaps so brief a reply could not have been given. At any rate, Roosevelt did not get it. And I recall distinctly his characteristic and unconcealed gesture of impatience and disgust as he settled back in his seat."

From another source I have an illustration of the same unquenchable spirit. Roosevelt engaged in a public debate at the Harvard Union, then situated on Main Street, near Central Square. What the topic of debate was I do not know. But Roosevelt's side lost, as adjudged by the referee committee. He acquiesced cheerfully in their decision, and at the close of the meeting, going up to the two opponents and shaking hands cordially, he congratulated them on their good work. Then he added firmly, "But we had the right of the question, for all that."

Roosevelt was always, it appears, what might be called "a hearty eater." "Two helpings," we are told, were usually called for and consumed. The writer goes on, with increasing intimacy:

When he received his portion, he was accustomed to retain his spectacles and prepare it carefully on his plate. When prepared, he took off his glasses and devoted himself pretty exclusively to eating. He seemed to be keeping up a line of absorbed thought as he ate. As one of this group told me, "He did not seem to enjoy eating very much, but ate as we might stoke a furnace—because it must be done. He did not live to eat, but he ate to live." He seemed to have a deliberate purpose in this matter of eating, as he did in nearly all his acts. Many years afterward, when he was starting upon what looked like an exhausting political campaign, he said—in sketching his plans to a former college classmate—"And I'm going to eat. If a man doesn't eat, he can't work."

At times, in the intimate little dining club, he put on his glasses and joined in some discussion, not frequently, but always with vigor. Apropos of his office as peacemaker, I recall the account given of another attempt of his to quiet a noisy group. One evening he and several friends went to a theater in Boston. After the performance they drifted into "Ober's"—a somewhat promiscuous restaurant just back of Washington Street, near Winter Street. Here "all sorts and conditions" of men—and women—and drink—were to be found. Roosevelt's group be came somewhat heated and enthusiastic and demonstrative. There was no saying what the climax might have been. Suddenly Roosevelt leaped upon a table and, gesturing vigorously, cried out above the din, "I say, fellows, let's not go too far! We mustn't carry this thing too far. We've about reached the limit, fellows. Let's get out!"

Somebody bigger and stronger than himself promptly pulled him off the table, amid a roar of good-natured laughter. And he and his noisy companions soon started for the sequestered academic groves of Cambridge.

There was never any danger to his reputation as a vigorous, virile fellow in his doing a thing of that sort. His game qualities in sparring and wrestling and in debate were too well known for that. As one man who had sparred and wrestled with him frequently said to me recently, "He was such a fair-minded fellow. Open, square, generous, an awfully fierce fighter, but always a good sport."

Altogether Roosevelt, in his college days, took his place as a

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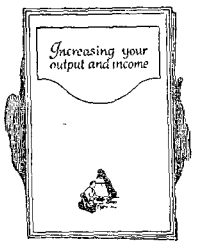

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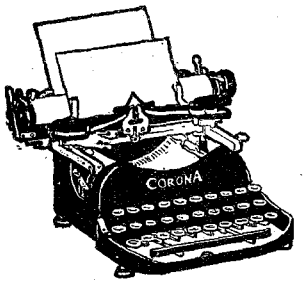

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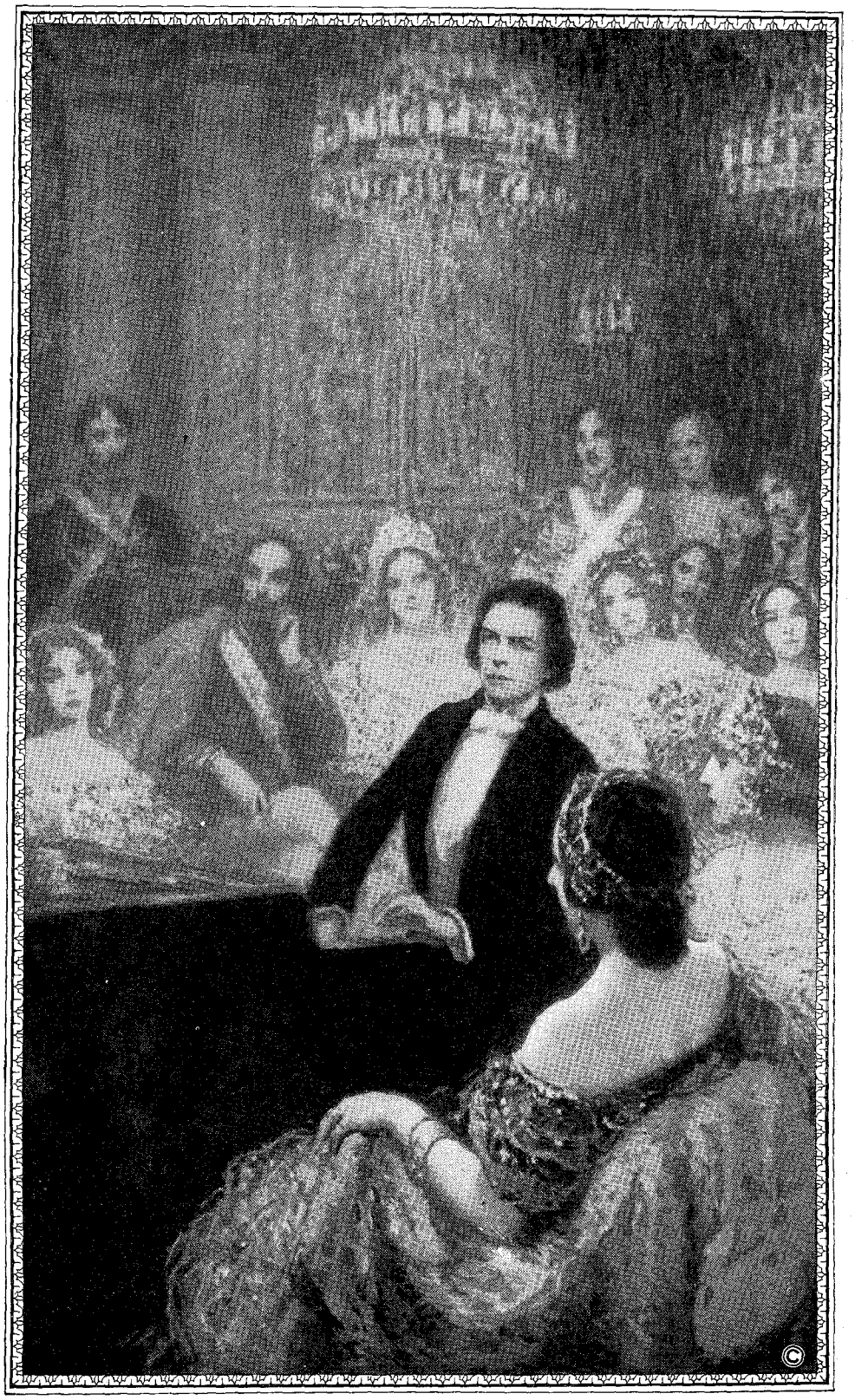

RUBINSTEIN Plays for the Czar

painted for the **STEINWAY COLLECTION** *by F. Louis Mora*

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

somewhat unique personality. The normal conventional kind of man could not make him out, but respected and wondered at him. Whether he would turn out a crank or a leader of some new order stood a puzzling question. William Roscoe Thayer, Harvard '81, speaks of sitting with Roosevelt on the window-seat of a room in Holworthy, and chatting about what they intended to do after their college course. "I'm going to try to help the cause of better government in New York City," declared Roosevelt, "altho I don't know exactly how." And Thayer comments, "I looked at him inquiringly and wondered whether he was the real thing or only a bundle of eccentricities." Results have shown that he was indeed "the real thing."

Again and again his classmates have been asked, "Did you see signs in him, in those days, of the greatness which he afterward showed?" I do not find anybody except Charles G. Washburn, of our class, who quite asserts that he saw greatness in Roosevelt in college. Washburn was one of the original eight members of a dining club which included Roosevelt, and had opportunities to know him well. A few years ago he wrote an excellent and discriminating book about his classmate whom he profoundly admired. In it he says, "It became evident very early that Roosevelt was a person *sui generis*, and not to be judged by ordinary standards. Very early in our college life I came to believe in his star of destiny."

I have implied, perhaps, in my recital of his outspokenness in the classroom, that he was not unduly sensitive and shy. The whole truth of the matter is that he was really shy, but he persistently struggled, in this field as in so many others, to overcome a natural defect which he saw tended to hamper him in whatever work he might engage in. There are several pieces of evidence pointing to this conclusion. To any person who saw and heard him frequently, in his later public life, as he made speeches and gave addresses, countless in number, it might have seemed as if he had never known shyness or stage fright.

One incident which reveals his undergraduate shyness and sensitiveness has been given me by one of the participants in the scene. It appears that a committee of three students presented themselves before President Eliot, to state some grievance. Roosevelt was to be the spokesman. The president entered the room. No American citizen whom I have ever known, and no European royalty whom I have ever seen, equaled him in dignity and majesty of mein. And when Roosevelt confronted that dignity and majesty, his "tongue clave to the roof of his mouth"—for the moment only. Then he burst out, "Mr. Eliot, I am President Roosevelt—" which confused him still more, and for several moments he could say nothing.

All this timidity he triumphed over, in due time. Doctor Edward Everett Hale, a past master in public speaking, was once asked by an eager but shy young man how he could overcome his extreme shyness in public. "Speak every time anybody asks you to," replied the honored author of "The Man Without a Country." And the advice was sound. Roosevelt's experience in New York politics took away all his shyness.

In private, he never had any real shyness about talking, altho as a child he had always spoken rapidly, and sometimes, in his eagerness, incoherently. But his difficulty was one of the tongue and larynx, not of the mind and will. He could talk, and at times he could refrain from talking. One of my classmates, a most genial, likeable man, has given me an illustration of this from his own experience. Speaking of hunting and other outdoor sports, my friend said: "That was one of the points I held in common with Roosevelt, at college. I liked shooting. And he went, again and again, up into Maine with 'Bill' Sewall, to camp and hunt. Several times Roosevelt asked me to come to his room to talk about some trip I had taken in the woods or along the shore, in search of game. He would ask the most minute questions about the cries and habits of the birds and animals which I had hunted. He cared far more for that side of the subject than I did. But when I had told him all I knew, I recall that he suddenly ceased his questions, took up a book or magazine, and began to read."

During the period when he lived on a ranch, says his biographer, Roosevelt bore his share of the tasks and hardships so willingly and with such persistent endurance that he soon made friends everywhere among the cowboys, even among those who had looked with distrust and contempt at this bespectacled "dude" from the East. This did not prevent several adventures, however, which followed the best tradition of Wild West fiction. The author proceeds to give some instances:

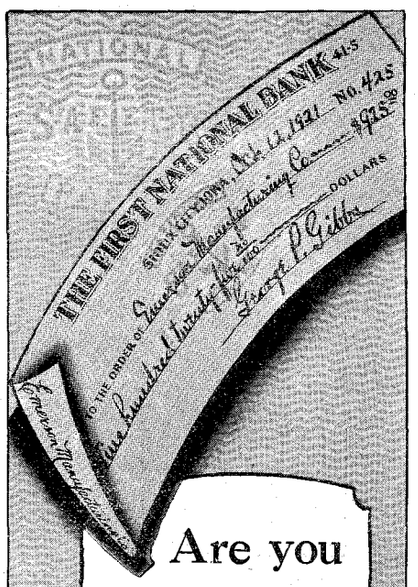
Roosevelt had very little lasting difficulty with the better class of cowboys. They held their elemental moral virtues, as did he, and the two types soon recognized and approved each other. But there were many "bad men" scattered over the new country, and with one or another of these he came into collision. One evening the young Easterner entered a "hotel," fatigued after a hard day's riding. The barroom was the living-room of the resort, and it was well filled with cowboys and cattlemen. He took a seat in a corner, out of the way. But a local bully, the worse for drink, caught sight of his unusual face and figure and made advances. Roosevelt's account of the scene is vivid and very readable. "As soon as he saw me he hailed me as 'Four Eyes,' and said I was going to treat. I joined in the laughter, but made no response. He came over near me and with a gun in each hand used foul language."

Here comes to the rescue—as several times in Roosevelt's life—his experience in boxing. "He was foolish to stand so near and foolish to stand with his heels together, in a very unstable position. He ordered me to get up and treat.

"I rose slowly, remarking, 'Well, if I've got to, I've got to.' Then, looking past him casually, I suddenly struck, quick and hard, with my right on his jaw, then with my left, and again my right. Down he went, his head hit the corner of the bar, and he lay senseless. Whereupon the crowd approved heartily of my action, disarmed him, hustled him out, and put him in a shed."

Only a trained boxer would have noted the "heels too close together." And the "first the right, then the left, and again the right" was the ripe fruit of those athletic days in "the Gym" at Cambridge.

Thus he lived through the robust experiences of his ranch life. He was an



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

exotic in this land of elemental force, yet there was such a wide reach in his nature that he took the vigorous, rigorous experiences as if born to them. And throughout them all, underneath the outer, exact-int routine of the day, he carried on an interior life of which his hardy companions knew little. He wrote and read much, somewhat to their perplexity. If he had done nothing but hold a book and a pen he would have stood condemned in their eyes. But he shared the zest and strain of the hunt and the round-up with them so joyously and efficiently that he commanded their respect. And his frank, warm nature won their affection.

Take that incident—in two parts—which his friend Bill Sewall recounts with artless brevity. It reads like a tale from Plutarch. "While Roosevelt was away on this hunting trip, we heard that a bad man on a nearby ranch had said he would shoot Roosevelt at sight. I told Theodore about it, when he came back. He said, 'Is that so?' Then he rode straight over to the shack where the man lived and told him he had heard that a man intended to shoot him. 'And,' said Theodore, 'I want to know why.' The man was flabbergasted and denied that he had ever said anything of the sort. He said he had been misquoted. The affair passed off pleasantly, and he and Roosevelt were good friends after that."

That is the first half of the story. Here is the second. That same "bad man" lived on the ranch of a Marquis de Mores. And the Marquis, irritated by some fancied slight, sent Roosevelt a letter which hinted at a challenge to a duel. "The challenge did not actually come," explains Sewall, "but Roosevelt expected it. And he said that altho he did not believe in dueling, he would accept it if it came; he would not be bullied. As the person challenged, he said, he had the right to choose the weapons. And he would choose Winchester rifles, at a distance of twelve paces. 'I'm not a very good shot,' he said, 'and I want to be near enough to hit.' The two principals were to 'shoot and keep on advancing—until one or the other was satisfied.' "

It would seem that with Winchesters, at twelve paces, "satisfaction" would soon be reached.

Always Roosevelt had believed in "the square deal," long before he had so formulated the idea, even back in the days of his Sunday-school class when he had rewarded the small boy who had resented the stealing of his marbles. And now, at Medora, when three lawless tramps stole his boat on the river, promptly and tirelessly he set about retribution and recovery. Altho his fellow ranchmen advised him not to undertake a well-nigh hopeless chase, he persisted. With two other men he went down the river a hundred and fifty miles, dangerous in places; and after three days of swift pursuit he overtook the thieves, recovered his property, and brought back the men to serve a term in jail.

These early western experiences helped to identify him with the big and untamed spaces of the West. "It is fitting," writes Le Roy Jeffers, President of the Explorers' Club, in *Leslie's Weekly*, "that the greatest National Memorial to Theodore Roosevelt should be the creation of a National

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Park." To quote briefly from his description:

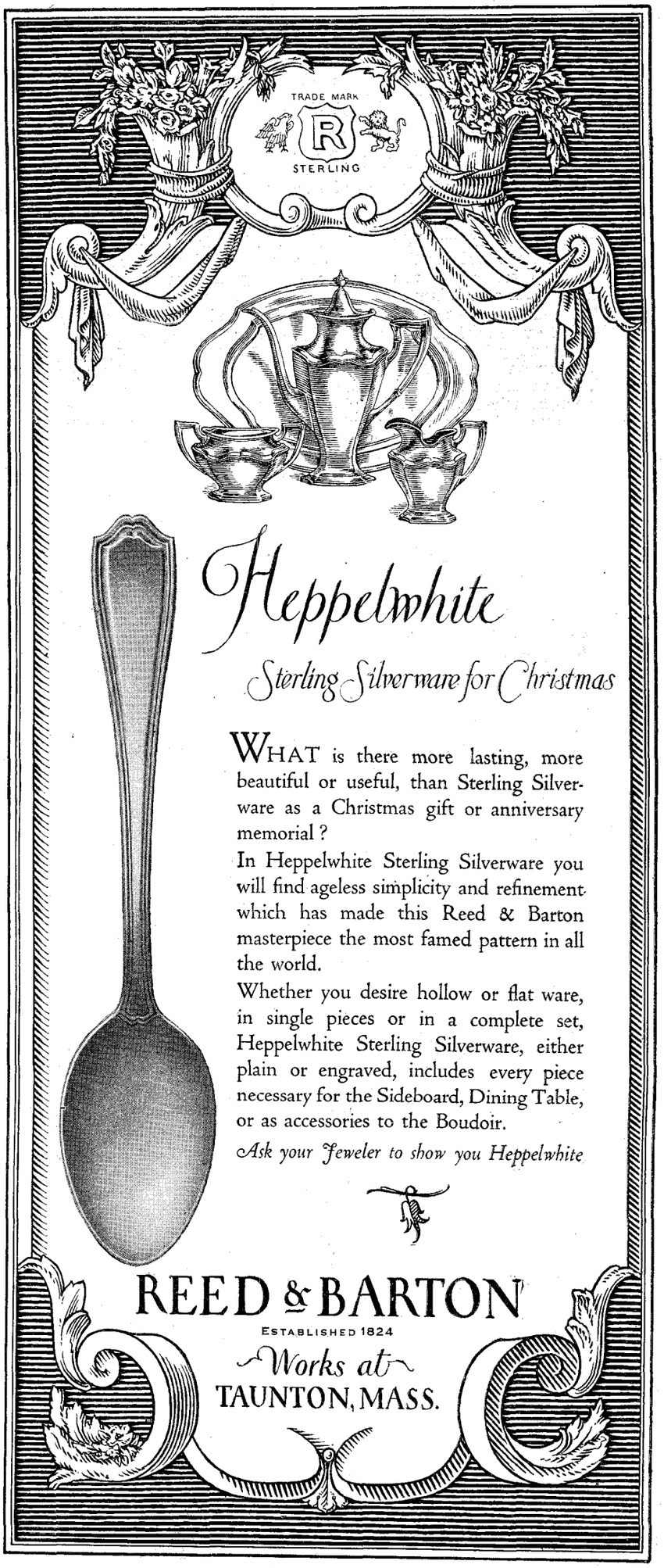
From east to west the proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia Park is seamed with the tremendous canyons of the Kings River and its branches. The unequaled scenery of the park culminates on the crest of the High Sierra, which for seventy miles will form its eastern boundary. Here is Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet, highest of all the peaks in the United States proper; and there are scores of summits all along the range that are but little lower. It is intended that the Roosevelt-Sequoia Park shall comprise about 1,365 square miles.

AFTER KLONDIKE GOLD, WITH JACK LONDON

WITH the "optimism bred of a stomach which could digest scrap iron and a body which flourished on hardships," Jack London was among the first adventurers who led the great gold rush over Chilkoot Pass and into the Klondike field. He was twenty-one and full of the passion for adventure, as Charmian London, his wife, describes him in her remarkable new biography, "The Book of Jack London" (The Century Company). He managed to get together a "grub stake" by a partnership arrangement with his brother-in-law, an elderly man not very well fitted for the hardships of pioneering. He bought "fur-lined coats, fur caps, heavy high boots, thick mittens, and red flannel shirts and underdrawers of the warmest quality—so warm that Jack had to shed his outer garments when packing over Chilkoot Pass, and blossom against the snow a scarlet admiration to Indians and squaws." The brother-in-law turned back, but young London kept on, at the risk of his neck, and made true his father's prophecy that "Jack is going to make a success out of the Klondike—whether he digs it out of the grass roots or not." The young adventurer dug little gold out of the grass roots, but there he found the great dog "Buck," together with the characters and surroundings that appeared in "The Call of the Wild," the solid foundation of his later fame and fortune.

Mrs. London thus tells the story of the latter part of Jack's journey to the land of gold:

Forty-two miles northwest of Juneau they reached the end of their crowded voyage and stretched themselves on the beach at the Indian village of Dyea, a mere cluster of huts above the reach of high tide on the Chilkoot Inlet of Lynn Canal. The party—now swelled to five, for Jack and Captain Shepard (his brother-in-law) had formed a partnership with Fred Thompson, "Jim" Goodman, and one Merritt Sloper—found the beach a shouting bedlam of gold-rushers amid an apparently inextricable dump of ten thousand tons of luggage. Many of the arrivals were like lunatics fully as responsible as newly headless fowl in this scramble into an unpitying frozen land. (It was in this same Lynn Canal, in 1918, that the steamer *Princess Sophia* foundered, with the loss of all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on board — miners and their families coming south for the winter.)

Altho a-tingle with his own excitement, a large share of which was from the stirring spectacle on the beach, Jack's level head had counseled speedy withdrawal of himself and his elderly charge from the mass of humans that appeared to be falling over one another. With open eye and ear to every hint from the knowing ones, he applied his faculties to getting hold of the outfit and pushing onward toward the Chilkoot trail. The more he listened, the better he realized that there was no moment to lose if they were not to be left behind all winter in the impending freeze-up. Only the most alert and fittest could obviate such unthinkable misfortune. How his sister's husband could make it through was the question. Not unnaturally the young man was in terror of losing his own chance through the other's insufficiency.

But that night they slept on the Flats five miles above Dyea, at the head of canoe navigation where the Dyea River narrows to a torrent bursting from a snowy canyon, fed by far glaciers. For once Jack was willing to own that he was dead tired. Captain Shepard, of course, was of negligible worth as a draft partner, and Jack, soft from the inactivity of long days on shipboard, ached in every muscle and in his scarified shoulders, from towing their thousands of pounds of belongings up-stream.

Every one had been confident, from reports, that the loading up-trail would be done by Indians for sums within reason. Imagine the chagrin, consternation to many, when the Indians, awake to their own idea of a gold-rush, imperturbably demanded thirty cents a pound shoulder-portage for the twenty-eight miles between Dyea Beach, across the Pass to Lake Linderman. Six hundred dollars a ton! Beaten at the outset, vast numbers of the cruelly chilled enthusiasts watched the few physically equipped, born to victory, attack the first stage to Happy Camp. Sheep Camp, some miles northward, was the next stop; thence on, scaling the whole of Chilkoot's tragic trail, along whose margin the weaker ones fell and expired. One sour-dough assures me Chilkoot is "the worst trail this side of hell."

It was one of the happiest moments of Jack's life when Captain Shepard of free choice abandoned the venture, and the two parted in good feeling. Now he was quit of encumbrance other than the deadweight of luggage. He has told me how he experimented with adding to and shifting his pack, readjusting straps, and padding the raw sections of his strong but tender-skinned back and shoulders until he outpacked in honest pounds any white man who made it through to Lake Linderman, and surpassed many an Indian. Indeed, such a feat was a boon to the men who could afford Indian assistance to the summit, as could Fred Thompson; for Jack's example put the sly aborigines on their mettle not to be outdone by this puffing, steaming, white human engine in scarlet flannels. I give his own version:

"This last pack into Linderman was three miles. I back-tripped it four times a day, and on each forward trip carried one hundred and fifty pounds. This means that over the worst trails I daily traveled twenty-four miles, twelve of which were under a burden of one hundred and fifty pounds."

The men had to ford swift and icy rivers, and a swamp that some sardonic wit had yclept Pleasant Valley, where the weight of a pack would drive one to the knees in freezing ooze and muck. The earlier stretches of the trail ascended a long mountain slope largely covered with tundra, which did not afford solid footing. This was superseded by sharp and broken shale. Reaching "The Scales," at the actual foot of the steepest aspect of a mountain wall which looked to topple over backward, Jack found himself preparing for the most grinding test of endurance. For sheer as was the terrific rise, it was yet not sheer enough to prevent huge boulders from finding lodgment in the path, which formed serious obstacles. "A man's job" it was, and Jack London could do no other than make good as a real man among real men.

Of all the anecdotes of this bitter climb that he told in my hearing, only one stands out—the incident of a man bearing a great load, who, in sitting down upon a fallen tree to catch breath, had been overweighted and fallen backward, head and shoulders deep in the snow so that he could make no outcry. Jack, plodding painfully upward, happened to glance aside to where his keen eyes saw a pair of feet above the log. In curiosity he turned and backed up to the log where carefully, slowly, lest he be outbalanced, he rested his pack and freed arms and chest of the straps. Then he plucked the victim, red and spluttering with gratitude, out of his unprogressive posture which, tho comical, was of extreme danger; for it was by merest chance that any heavily-laden miner, bent only upon topping Chilkoot's rise, should have spied his snow-crusted boot-soles.

At the summit, the young men faced a fierce driving rain, then negotiated a glacier that descended to Crater Lake; after which a chain of small lakes compelled detours over rugged hills, or the hiring of boats, of which they availed themselves. The last lake, however, before reaching Linderman, was shallow along-shore and could be waded, soft deep mud on the bottom adding to the difficulties of travel. Little marvel that Jack London ever afterward eschewed protracted walking.

It was Frederick Palmer, Mrs. London recalls, who said that any one who had crossed Chilkoot Pass in the fall of 1897 would have a fairly comprehensive idea of what the British Tommies on the Flanders front were up against. She continues her narrative of Jack's adventures:

Eight or nine miles up-river from Lake Linderman, where the timber was good, the boys whipsawed their own lumber and in company with another party constructed two boats, *Yukon Belle* and *Belle of the Yukon*. In this capacity Jack and Sloper were in their element, for the latter knew ship-carpentering and building from keel to main-truck. It became the pride of the owners that never were their well-stored cargoes of supplies removed, tho they shot every rapid on the perilous route. Jack, ready shoulder-to-shoulder in any sort of emergency, was yet especially invaluable when aqueous portions of the way were encountered. He loved to tell the story of how he navigated the infamous Box Canyon and White Horse Rapids, that sank and drowned crew after crew of doomed men.

By unabating zeal the boys kept just ahead of the forbidding freeze-up that set a bar of iron to the progress of the less forehanded. Lakes froze on their flying heels, so slim was the margin. Jack learned what it meant to pit one's raging impotence against the imperturbability of nature. Never a waking moment did they lose, and allowed no more time for sleep than was absolutely required. At the head of Lake Bennett, news from before was of famine, and that the Northwest Mounted Police stationed at the foot of Lake Marsh, where the gold-hunters entered Canadian territory, refused to let past any man not fortified with seven hundred pounds of grub. The rest were sent down river and interned at Dawson.

Their sternest battle was across Lake Le Barge, the freeze-up of which threatened in the gale. Three days they had been thrown back by cresting seas that fell aboard in tinkling ice. On the fourth Jack said: "To-day we've got to make it—or we camp here all winter with the others." They almost died at the oars, but "died to live again" and fight on. All night, like driven automatons they pulled, and at daybreak entered the river, with behind them a fast-frozen lake. And their pilot, from what I know of him, I can swear did not realize half his weariness, so elated must he have been to be thus forward—one of the very few who had made it through.

Undaunted, without wasting precious minutes in discussion, the trio pushed on as one man. The blizzard luckily moved into the south, and they ran before it under a huge sail Jack had devised. With the heavy ballast of outfit, he dared to crack on sail Nelson-fashion when moments so counted. Luck was with him when they came to Caribou Crossing, for a shift of wind at the right time sent them humming down the connecting link between Lakes Taggish and Marsh. Nothing could stop them, and Jack, his experienced mittened hands nearly frozen to the tiller he had rigged, held on in high fettle across the menacing Windy Arm, where in a stormy twilight he saw two other boat-loads of men turn over and miserably perish. It was sickening to be unable to lend a hand; but the very law of life in this inimical cold-crystal sphere of the Northland was to keep one's head in just such temptation. And three other souls besides his own depended entirely upon his sailor competence.

Sixty Mile River, really a head reach of the Yukon, flows out of Lake Marsh, its greatest breadth a quarter of a mile. Deep and swift, it suddenly narrows with a curve into Box Canyon, only eighty feet in width, rocky walls towering on either side. The suddenly confined volume of water gathers terrific speed, marked by great boilings and stiffly upthrust waves, and its action against the canyon walls causes the water to rise in a sort of hog-back in the center.

It was owing to a blinding headache, for liquor had been cut out of his calculation except for medicinal use, that Jack had accepted a drink of whisky before undertaking to shoot the bad water. Tying their boat, *Yukon Belle*, in the eddy above the Box, the four partners walked ahead to investigate, meanwhile consulting a book written by Miner W. Bruce, Alaskan pioneer. They discovered that hundreds were portaging outfits on their backs.

But young London scorned the safe and slow way. If he took

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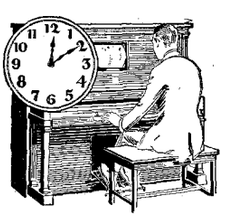

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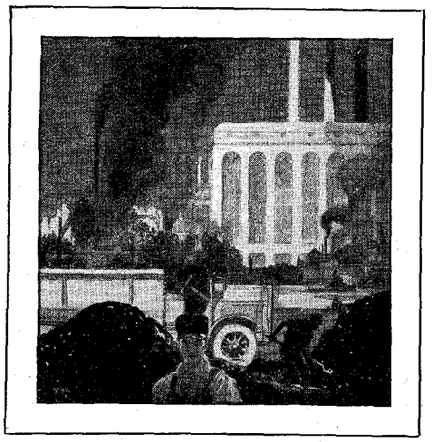

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the chance, and ran through by water, in two minutes they save two days of back-breaking labor. A vote was called, according to their custom, which was unanimous for the two-minute route. Accordingly—

Jack, as Captain, placed Merritt Sloper in the bow with a paddle. Fred Thompson and Jim Goodman, confessed landlubbers, sat side by side amidship at the oars. The boat, twenty-seven feet in length, carrying over 5,000 pounds in addition to its human freight, did not possess the buoyancy desirable for such an undertaking.

Jack's head whirled from the unwonted alcohol upon an empty stomach, and he caught himself wondering if that head would serve in his need, where again lives hung upon the perfect coordination of his faculties. But the instant the bow swung downstream into the jaws of the Box, and his lashed steering-oar bore against the cork-screwing anarchy of waters, something went cool and calm through him, and he rose to the work. Afraid that the rowers might "catch a crab" or otherwise fumble disastrously, he ordered in the oars. "Then we met it on the fly," and he went on to picture how he caught a passing glimpse of spectators fringing the brink of the cliffs above and another glimpse of serrated walls dashing by like twin express trains. Then his undivided energy was centered upon keeping atop the racing hog-back. The deep-laden boat, instead of mounting the waves, went dead into them. Despite the peril, Jack could not help giggling at poor Sloper, who, just as he let drive for a tremendous stroke, would quite miss the water as the stern fell in a trough, jerking the bow skyward. "But Sloper never lost his grit," he praised.

In a transverse current Jack threw himself against the sweep till it cracked, and Sloper's paddle snapped short off. They nearly filled, yet went flying downstream breakneck, less than two yards from the rocky wall. Another instant, and they took a header through a smoking comber and shot into the whirlpool of the great circular court that widens midway of the Box, thence spilling over into the second half of the race.

Jack and his crew then walked back and brought through the outfit of a man and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Ret. That done, they baled out the *Yukon Belle* and essayed two miles of ordinary rapids to the head of the White Horse, passing several of the Box Canyon wrecks in which lives had been lost. Save for a few who had been drowned, no one had tried to run the White Horse in late years; but our quartet looked it over, and then, with an audience of a thousand souls, went down. Jack nearly lost his boat when he tried to buck the whirlpool, not knowing he had come within its coils; and again Sloper had his paddle snap off. When they had reached the friendly eddy below the Rapids, they returned as before, and piloted down the Rets' boat.

Not until October 9, when the Stewart River was reached, did the invincibles halt. I have obtained the date through the courtesy of Mr. Fred Thompson, of Santa Rosa, who has lent his diary. On Upper Island, one of the two islets off the eastern bank of the Yukon, half-way between the Stewart and Henderson Creek, and eighty miles above Dawson, they set up house-

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keeping in one of a group of log cabins, that had been abandoned by the Bering Sea fur traders. The fact of empty quarters is indicative of Jack and his crowd being among the first over Chilkoot.

KNICKERBOCKERS FOR WOMEN, AS VIEWED BY MERE MEN

WHEN a Chicago tailoring firm announced, in a full-page advertisement, that it was prepared to make knickerbocker suits for women in the latest style and at reasonable rates, the gentlemen of the nation who have to fill a certain number of editorial columns every day discovered something new to talk about. Some of them viewed the new knickerbockers with approval, some with distaste, and some exprest themselves as troubled by the intrusion of the subject on their editorial horizons. "When the public isn't worrying over business conditions, unemployment and winter coal, it is asked to worry over women's wearing apparel," we read in the "Editorial of the Day," which the Chicago *Tribune* copies from the Peoria *Transcript*. "Let the women wear what they will and let the agitation cease," concludes the Illinois editor. That is precisely what they will do, without any assistance or advice from the Illinois editor or any other, remarks an editorial writer in *The Illustrated News* (New York). Some editors are advising women to wear knickerbockers, observes the New Yorker. Some are even saying that eventually all ladies will be wearing them. "Maybe," concedes the writer, but—

If they do wear 'em it will be because they want to, and not because they are being urged to by any writing gentleman.

Women don't wear clothes to please editors, or to please men especially, but to look well in the eyes of other women.

They know that other women know. They know that men don't know.

Women like to have men admire their clothes, but never in your life did you hear one of them telling a man how a new frock was to be made, with details as to fichus and insets and georgette sleeves and the like.

A woman will stand for a few minutes when she comes into a room where the men can see her. They will fall for the *tout ensemble*, as they say in the *Boulevard Italiens*, but not for the technique. She gives the women time to take that in later, and if they are pleased or piqued, as the case may be, she is satisfied.

If the time ever comes when a chic set of short trousers knocks the other woman dead, short trousers will be the fashion.

It won't make any difference whether editors enthuse or preachers hold up their hands in horror.

It won't make any difference whether the knickerbockers are more sanitary or more comfortable.

Long skirts were never sanitary. Corsets were never comfortable. Yet women of all ages and stations wore both for many years, serenely oblivious to anything that was said about them.

Perhaps in the fulness of time a few ladies at Deauville and a few others at Biarritz and a few others at Ascot will appear in knickerbockers.

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NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

METIPOME'S HOSTAGE. Being a Narrative of Certain Surprizing Adventures Befalling One David Lindall in the First Year of King Philip's War. By Ralph Henry Barbour. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

Any boy, accustomed to the ways of Indians, will know that when the red man is brought to trial by the white man, and is punished—there is going to be retribution to pay. David is the one selected by the Wachoosetts to be held as hostage. But our hero is not the type to remain quiet when he is captured. A hardy New England colonist, he is accustomed to strenuous escapes, to hard fighting, to surprize and attack. How he meets these various ways of the red man is told by Mr. Barbour with much vigor. The author handles an Indian as well as, in a college story, he handled bat and football. And he seems to know the rule of the Indian warfare as accurately as he does the warfare of the gridiron. The story has sustained interest.

A DUTCH BOY FIFTY YEARS AFTER. By Edward Bok. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This inspiriting autobiography is culled from the larger volume, "The Americanization of Edward Bok," and is intended for young folk. But it reaches the interest of older readers as well. In small compass it gives all the essential features of Mr. Bok's rise, and is a stirring example of how a boy—any boy, in fact—possessing will and enthusiasm, can win a place and build securely for himself. The personal egotism which might be laid as a charge against this book is lost in the almost impersonal handling, as tho the writer were a character far dissociated from the real Mr. Bok. The book smacks of the inspiration of Benjamin Franklin, with his homely advice.

PICTURE STORIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS. By Mary R. Cody and Julia M. Dewey. With many pictures from famous paintings. New York: The Macmillan Co.

While this is a reissue of an old book, the demand for it shows that the authors were right in their idea—children love *good* pictures, and should be brought in contact with them at an early age. There are canvases of the great masters entirely suitable to the observation of the youngest nursery tenant. Dogs, lions, sheep, horses are to be found, done by Rosa Bonheur and Landseer, while Murillo and Van Dyke do not seem to be so far away from the child interest. The text accompanying the many pictures in this small book is rudimentary, smacking somewhat of the school style. But the authors attempt at times to relate the text to the illustration, and here and there are small poems dropped like valuable pearls for the babe to memorize. In this subject of juvenile literature, there is no greater obstacle to overcome than the gap between what the active mind can grasp, and what the lisping tongue stumbles over when reading. These pictures will be the bases for better stories to tell the child.

HERO TALES OF IRELAND. Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

Ancient Irish folklore, made familiar to young readers recently by the good work of Lady Gregory, has a Gaelic fascination to it which appeals to children of all ages. Green enchanted cats and seven-walled palaces form delightful subjects for story-telling, and when an Irish hero sets out to gain his object, the labors of Hercules are as nought to what he can do for the winning of a princess. One only has to read "Elin Gow and the Cow Glas Gainach" to realize this. These tales are told in a straightforward fashion of enjoyment rather than with any object of preserving the folk value to them. Mr. Curtin seems to have enjoyed his task.

EVERYCHILD. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00.

The very *format* of this book is agreeable. The color drawings, by Blanche Fisher Laite, are delicately tinted, and delicately prodding to the imagination, and the story keeps pace with what the illustrations suggest. The little boy, who is the hero of the tale, grips our sympathy because of the unresponsiveness he gets from his parents; so, when he at last goes on his imaginative journey—in the same morality spirit that Everyman went on his grim journey—we are glad that he is destined to meet his favorite characters in nursery books, like Hansel and Gretel, Old Mother Hubbard, Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer. The pages of this story are full of surprizes, and to the child well versed in fairy lore, old acquaintances are renewed in most novel fashion.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Harvey Dunn. New York: The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $3.50.

Ten color plates, as brilliant as the scenes they describe in "A Tale of Two Cities," make this sumptuous edition welcome to those who are accustomed to put on their children's book-shelves the best books issued by the publishers in late years. There has been a generous outpouring of such editions, and this Dickens classic is a delight to handle and to read in its new form. One could have wished for a less laundered figure of Madame Defarge; but that is a mere point to pass over. What is to be praised is the general richness of the volume, in the vigor of its pictures and the clearness of its type.

THE WAR TRAIL. By Elmer Russell Gregor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

It is the usual thing, when an author writes a tale of adventure among the Indians, to place the red man opposed to white; the heroes are usually young lads who fall among the savages and make their escape. Mr. Gregor turns the tables in his story: he keeps the war trail among the Indians themselves, showing what ensues when one tribe wages conflict upon another, —A Sioux against a Blackfoot. There is epic spirit to such a narrative, and many a boy reader will have singing in his ears the war-cry of the brave—will see him in all his cunning, moved and prompted by his superstitions which are based on the vagaries of nature. Indian guile pitted against Indian guile is bound to produce excitement, and such a motive for warfare as the stealing of ponies lends an objective equally as thrilling. The frontispiece of the brave in paint and feathers whets the youthful appetite for adventure.

FAIRY-TALES AND STORIES BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Prefaced by Francis Hackett. Edited by Signe Toksvig. Illustrated by Eric Pape. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

A delightful cover design, with graceful decorations and color work by Eric Pape, invites one to look within this new

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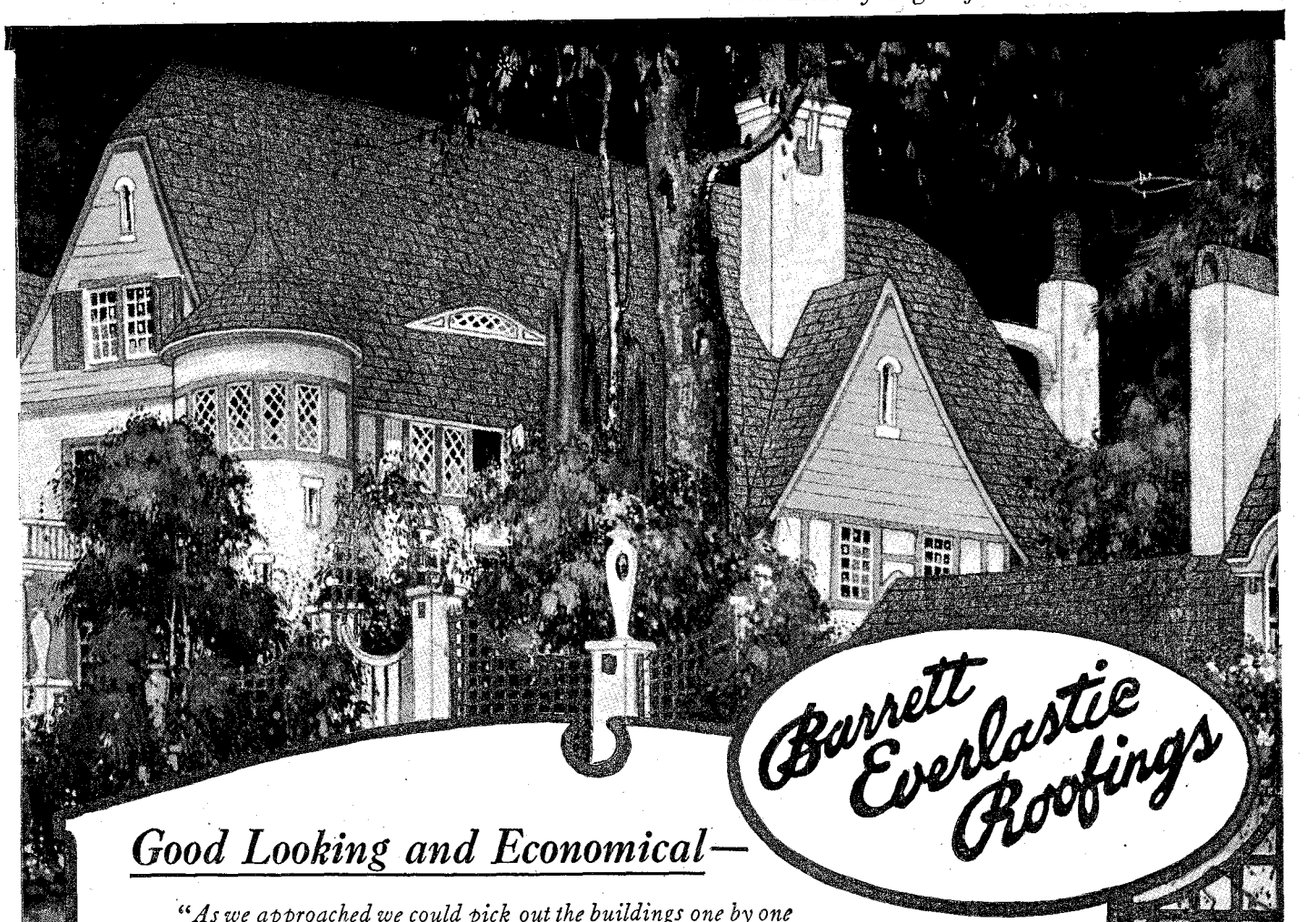

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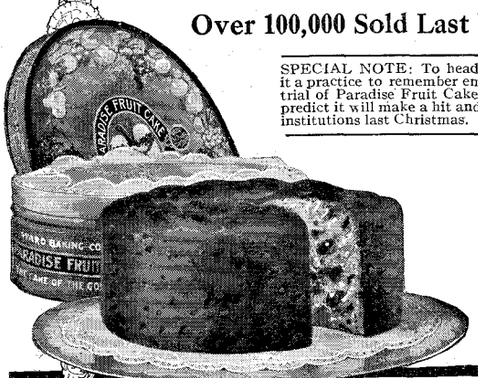

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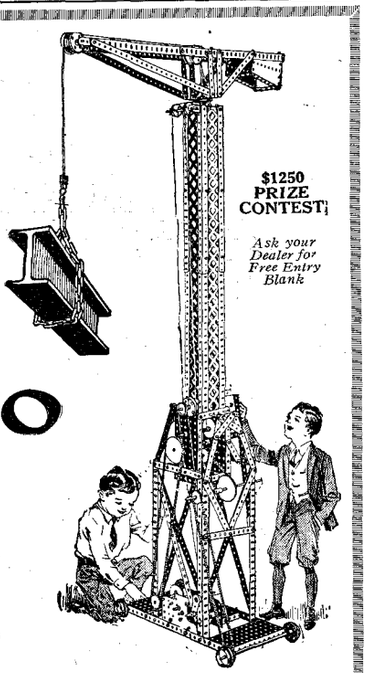

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NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS
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translation of Andersen's Tales, which, we are assured, are shorn of the sentimental and the stilted manner, characterizing most English versions. In fact, one only has to read the story of the "Ugly Duckling" to recognize a colloquial spontaniety which should mark the real story-teller, especially if that teller is acting in the capacity of translator. Mr. Hackett's life of Andersen, which prefaces the stories, contains new facts. The decorations for the book are novel. There is a silhouette of the Danish fairy *reconteur*, and there are drawings in the spirit of the paper cut-outs which Andersen used to make for his young friends. In all, here is a gift book worthily dressed.

THE GOLDEN WEST BOYS: "INJUN" AND "WHITEY." By William S. Hart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Even though this book bears the copyright notice of 1919, it is sent to the reviewer for the first time, and he believes that the boy reader who follows the narrative trail of the "movie" star will not be disappointed in his "trek." The lad who goes with his father to Montana to claim a ranch and live upon it experiences enough adventures to satisfy any high-spirited reader. Our hero, with a red-skin chum, quickly learns the manners and the customs of the West. The two boys are instrumental in discovering the sly work of cattle rustlers, and they help in bringing them to their just rewards. In whatever situation he finds himself, "Whitey" proves that even the tenderfoot has grit and can stick on.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PEBBLE. By Hallam Hawksworth. Being one of a series entitled "Strange Adventures in Nature's Wonderlands." Copiously illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The commendable object of this book is to place within range of the child's understanding all the phases of the development of the earth's surface—geology told in an easy, intimate fashion, with a series of pictures which are graphically explained in long captions, the author believing that through the eye a large part of education should go. There is nothing more fascinating for children than the miracles of the earth's change through the ages. The growth and receding of lands, the mysteries of mountains and lakes, the very stones of the fields and hills—each has known its fairyland of change. Mr. Hawksworth has written this book as an outcome of intimate talks with children. He has retained the conversational intimacy, but, none the less, he has prepared a little book with much in it of great originality. Believing that children, when they become interested in a subject, should not be kept to the grind of one text-book, each chapter ends with a series of questions to send the young reader a-field to other books for the information. The pictures have been selected with care.

THE STAR PEOPLE. By Gaylord Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Young astronomers who are wont to gaze into the heavens and wonder the quickest way of locating Virgo's necklace and Hercules' club, will find this little handbook of great interest. The title page indicates that the Society of Star Gazers, making drawings on sand and blackboard, have discovered a way of finding out the mysteries of heaven and earth easily and surely. In their mind's eye they streak the heavens with straight lines between the stars, and

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the sky at night, whether it be summer or winter, fall or spring, is a picture-book of great beauty. Adopting the simple dialogue form, the author believes that self-help in finding the stars is a good game for the young, and his young folks, in the book, with the aid of Uncle Henry—who is the encyclopedic grown-up—seek out together the mysteries of time and space.

DAYS OF THE DISCOVERERS. L. Lamprey. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50.

Here is history made romantic, taken out of the classroom style and put into a narrative form which does not sacrifice historical accuracy one iota, but makes more vivid the dramatic moment of discovery by creating a nearness to the scene which mere fact and date fail to do. Columbus, the Cabots, Balboa, Hendrick Hudson, Cortez and others figure as the heroes of the different chapters. This volume will supplement rather than supplant stereotyped school-books. If you want to know what Pedro said to the Admiral just as America was about to be discovered, Mr. Lamprey will tell you in an entertaining way. He makes stories out of history, and that's the best way of teaching history to grammar-school children.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT STORIES. By Frank B. Linderman. Illustrated by C. M. Boog. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

At a Council of the Animals, called by Mr. Linderman, we are told, in entertaining fashion, the reasons for many strange things about our forest acquaintances. We hear directly from them, how it came about that the skunk has its smell, that the porcupine has its quills, that the weasel's head is larger than its body, and so on. The wolf can see well, the bear cannot; the deer has no gall sac on its liver, while the antelope has. Why? In other words, under the guise of playful story-telling, Mr. Linderman gets in a great deal of natural history information, not in too pointed a fashion, but in folk-lore spirit. There is not the imaginative joy to these little stories that one finds in Kipling's "How the Rhino Got His Rumpled Skin," but, tho mild in their inventiveness, they are none the less genuinely entertaining.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF CAMPFIRE STORIES. Edited by Franklin K. Mathiews. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

As chief scout librarian of the Boy Scout Organization, Mr. Mathiews has for many years had dietary control of the Boy Scout reading. He has issued many volumes of a character like the present, but none quite as successful in its object. We can imagine no better time for boys of twelve to sixteen than with these stories culled from larger books written by Zane Grey, Jack London, Rex Beach, Stewart Edward White, and others. Mr. Mathiews has selected well. Any reader, boy or grown person, who comes upon the brilliant description, from Grey's "Wildfire," of the capture of a wild stallion, will be held in fascination. And apart from the fact that, as the editor states, the campfire has always been the rallying place for the story-teller—even if these selections are read in the quiet of the library, they will stir the blood.

STORIES OF AMERICAN INVENTIONS. By Inez McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.60.

Yankee inventive skill is the keynote of this entertaining collection of biographical stories, telling the slow and arduous evolution of such revolutionary inventions as the cotton-gin, the steamboat, the McCormick reaper, the telegraph, the tele-

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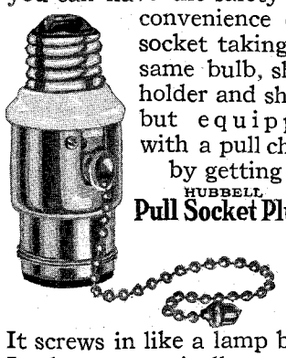

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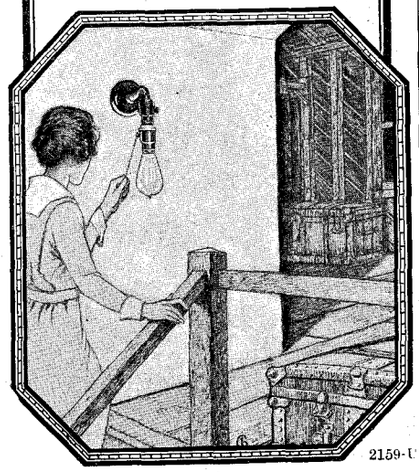

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NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS
Continued

phone, the sewing-machine, and the electric light—to say nothing of the submarine, the aeroplane, the electric furnace, and such pleasure-giving mechanical contrivances as the phonograph and the "movies." The road of the inventor is not easy to travel, and only by faith have certain inventions been brought to success. Indomitable courage were behind Morse and Bell and Edison and the other men who, through their Yankee push, have revolutionized daily life. The boy who reads this attractive book will find himself thrilled by the persistent belief each inventor had. It is a difficult struggle to popularize anything; but inventors need capital, and the business man is not cordial to chimerical schemes: he wishes always to be shown. It is difficult to think that the cotton-gin and the sewing-machine were ever laughed at as impractical. Mrs. McFee has written a readable volume.

THE BOY EXPLORERS IN DARKEST NEW GUINEA. By Warren H. Miller. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.60 net.

The two lads, who are the heroes of this story, accompanying Curator Baldwin of the National Museum, have more adventures to the square inch and collect more specimens of an unusual character than were known to any previous expedition devoted to scientific research. Not only that, but they have exciting moments with hostile natives—the black pigmy being the most treacherous enemy. But these modern heroes and their chief are up to date in their warfare weapons—they carry a small gun which hurls TNT a great distance, and they carry hand grenades, reminiscent of the effectiveness of this machine of war in the Great Conflict. The title of the story recalls Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," which boys would like, because, smacking of fiction, it is all true.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN. By Lebbeus Mitchell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75 net.

Since the days when Toby Tyler used to thrill the nursery, it has been hard to find a good circus book. The present volume nearly fills the bill. It narrates the adventures of a small orphan, Jerry, who, in a family of poor people, sacrifices everything to them through the goodness of his disposition. He loves the circus, and a large part of the story deals with his efforts to get into the circus tent without the wherewithal to buy a ticket. He helps water the elephants, but, more than anything, his own little person appeals to the manager and the clown, and it is because of this that he finds his way at last into the tent. Once inside, he revels in the richness of the scene; and in the end he discovers his mother and father, his mother perched high upon the mountain back of an elephant, who, while Jerry is singing a song, picks him up and lands him safely in the palanquin, and into the arms of his doting mother. An entertaining narrative for boys and girls between seven and ten.

BREEZES. By Lucy Gibbons Morse. With a foreword by Amy Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.00.

How this book came to be would make a readable story in itself. For many years Mrs. Morse made wonderful silhouette drawings and made them into lampshades. The wind and leaves and tree-tops were her subjects, and she invented, from a fertile and graceful imagination, some little Peter Pans of the air, personifying the different types of wind, from a zephyr to a whirlwind. These simple drawings used to sparkle with life under the glow of the center table light. Then Mrs. Morse was persuaded, rather than trust her silhouette fairies to such casual decorativeness, to capture them within the confines of a cover. Hence the present volume, airy both in text and treatment—full of simple poetry such as Blake wrote. Young folk will love the pictures, will enjoy the mere wisp of a story accompanying each, will be eager to invent other stories about Waft and Flutter and Tussle, and the graceful inventions which make "Breezes" such a delightful gift book. Older readers will recognize what Miss Lowell points out in her charming foreword: "Mrs. Morse must have watched trees for hours to capture these moods of winds as she has done."

A TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. With illustrations by Tony Sarg. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.00 net.

An anthology of plays for children is a new and distinctive venture in the realm of juvenile books. The dramatic instinct in the nursery begins to express itself early, and when young people reach the age from ten to fifteen, their desire is to give, not perfunctory dialogue such as one finds in the average school play, but real drama, with good action to it, and picturesque surrounding. Mr. Moses has selected plays of wide range for this book—Mrs. Burnett's "The Little Princess," Graham Robertson's "Pinkie and the Fairies," Austin Strong's "The Toymaker of Nuremberg," a puppet play in the repertory of Tony Sarg's marionette theater, and ten other equally as attractive entertainments. The entire texts are given, and simple introductions accompany each drama. The anthology is designed to be used, not only for dramatic performances such as are common these days on the school platform, but as a good book to be read, for the plays have literary quality and splendid imaginative value. One only has to read Alice Gerstenberg's "Alice in Wonderland" or Stuart Walker's "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" or Lady Gregory's "The Travelling Man" to recognize this. Tony Sarg's illustrations are thoroughly in accord with Mr. Moses' object as editor of the volume—to give the children a good time.

AESOP'S FABLES. Illustrated by Edwin Noble. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $2.00.

One never tires of the simple, homely morals of these true folk tales—full of human understanding, and certainly quite direct as to their moral meaning. The present edition is commendable chiefly because the type is large, and the drawings easy in line for young eyes. Every year sees a new edition of Æsop, which is indication that he still is wanted in the nursery. No one can tell in fewer words a more graphic story than he. That is why the present edition should appeal to the younger children beginning to read.

JIM AND PEGGY AT MEADOWBROOK FARM. By Walter Collins O'Kane. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

Everything that a city person should know about farming is told in this compact little book—a true picture of the work and play in all seasons of the year. So that the city girl or boy who wishes to know whether there is work to be done when the snow is on the ground, or what the chores are morning, noon and night—day in and day out—will get ample description of them in sympathetic manner. The pictures alone, copiously sprinkled for such a

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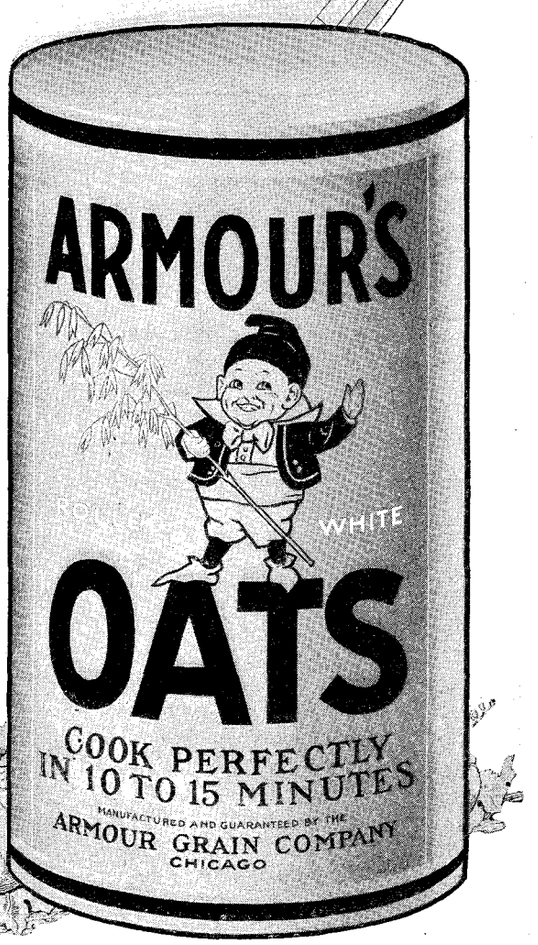

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PEEPS AT MANY LANDS. By various authors. Each volume illustrated. 15 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 each.

It is impossible, in small compass, to give adequate information regarding these handy little volumes of travel—the children's Baedeker, so to speak. London and Paris, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, Spain and Portugal, China and Japan, Italy and Greece—to mention but a few countries described—the volumes contain descriptions and historical explanation, also colored pictures which are wisely chosen, and full of national meaning. Legend, history and custom are dwelt upon fully, and, what is to be commended are the small maps, so placed that they are within easy reach of the reader. These books were written for English children, but travel levels all people to the position of "tourist," and the American reader will find in each one of these preparatory "guides" adequate information regarding locality, climate, and those thousand and one things that make differences among nations.

THE PURITAN TWINS. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated by the Author. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

Mrs. Perkins has now written so many books of the present character that one welcomes yearly an edition to her League of Nations, each nation being a twinhood. In view of the Pilgrim Celebration which has made Plymouth a center of pilgrimage, "The Puritan Twins" may almost be called a timely volume. With her usual simplicity of style, the author gives an account of life among the Indians, when New England was young. And she illustrates her text delicately in a charcoal style which made "The Dutch Twins"—the first of the series—so deservedly popular. Read this story and see the difference which lies between taking a trip to Boston in 1638 and in 1921. They had arduous ways of travel in those primitive times—they also had a different way of showing reverence. And while we would not go back to the fear of Indians and to the rough roads of travel, Mrs. Perkins's narrative maintains a quality which suggest that we might, with some advantage, take note with profit of the 1638 moral standard.

LAZY MATILDA AND OTHER TALES. By Katharine Pyle. Illustrated by the Author. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

Not since the early days of the moral tale have we met with such a book of verses, each story in rhyme being the experience of a naughty child, who in the end meets with just punishment and is chastened. We all know what befell Slovenly Peter. Miss Pyle tells many similar stories in this latest invention of hers. There is Lazy Matilda and the dwarf, who made her work; there is the tragedy of the truant boys and the old witch; there is the tale of the parents who, to break their son of bad manners at the table, arranged for him to have a meal with a pig; there is the ad-

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venture of the little boy who stole time to go swimming and got more of it than he anticipated. In fact, Miss Pyle deals with all those doubtful situations in the nursery which are classed under the heading of "naughtiness," and she paints each fault in its deep-dyed colors. There is more seriousness than fun in the present tales; one cannot miss their meaning, any more than Æsop allowed a fable to pass without its moral tag. What is most pleasing about "Lazy Matilda and Other Tales" are the copious black-and-white drawings with which the book is adorned. They are simple in line and direct in meaning. It is unfortunate that the publishers could not have printed them on paper of a better texture.

GIRLS OF HIGHLAND HALL. Further Adventures of the Dandelion Cottagers. By Carroll Watson Rankin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

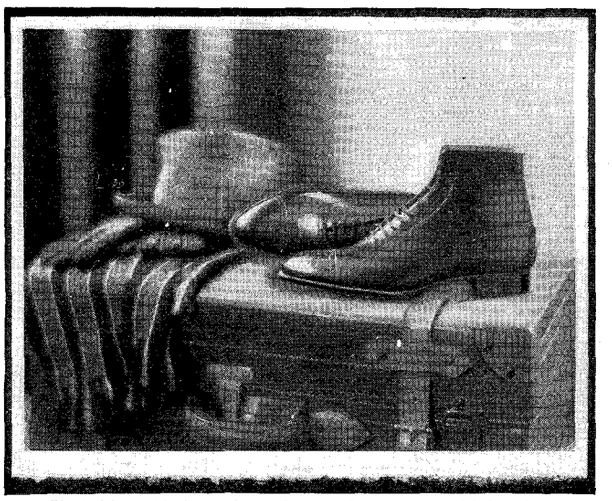
Like the average girl's story of school life, the present narrative is full of adventures, of easily solved mysteries, and queer pranks—oftentimes of a rough nature. Curiously, there is no attempt to have healthy rivalry among the Girls of Highland Hall. We have a mass of characters, some of them rich, some of them poor, some of them with fathers far away, and others with no fathers at all. This gives the author plenty of opportunity to sketch, however lightly, the varying temperaments of her heroines. For there are many such in this story, with one young villainess who is discovered stealing wholesale from the school, and who is peremptorily dismissed. There is no single plot to this book. It rambles from one adventure to another, and, while some readers will find its very aimlessness of varying interest, there are other readers who might care for something more definite in its intent. The hand of discipline is not well used at Highland Hall, and most of the gossip of the book is centered in the fun the pupils have with the teachers—which might not recommend the story to teachers, however much it is liked by girls.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS. With over one hundred illustrations and decorations by Louis Rhead. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.75 net.

There never can be too many editions of the Arabian Nights. However much they may vary in translation and adaptation Ali Baba and Sindbad are always the same, in the brilliant orientalism of their adventures, and the strange weirdness of their magic. The old, finely printed volumes, which a passing generation used to relish, with woodcut illustrations of a crude nature, have now given place to rich volumes, brilliantly colored, and adorned with pen drawings full of imaginative interpretation. Mr. Rhead, as an artist, has for many years done an annual volume of classic nature, his pen vividly tracing the adventures of Gulliver, Robin Hood, Swiss Family Robinson, and Tom Brown at Rugby. The Arabian Nights gives him wide scope for presenting the real spirit of Eastern life, manners and surroundings. In addition to the generous supply of pictures, the publishers have given a form to the book which adds to the appetite—a splendid type, a wide page, a soft paper, and an easily opened page.

THE CHILDREN'S GARLAND OF VERSE. Gathered by Grace Rhys. With color illustrations by Charles Robinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The fondness of children for poetry has emboldened many editors to compile anthologies, under the various names of Garlands, Posies, Golden Treasury, and



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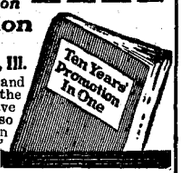

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Continued

so on. There is one sure thing in such a book, whoever the gatherer; one cannot go far wrong in selecting something good, something within the range of every taste. One is attracted to the present collection by the simple freshness of its cover design, and by the tender imaginativeness of the color plates done by Mr. Robinson. Mrs. Rhys has garnered from unusual sources as well as from familiar ones; she has—like a good poetry physician—taken care to appeal to the martial as well as to the bucolic spirit.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. Illustrated by Heath Robinson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is unfortunate that this volume—commendable in the poster effect of its color plates—should be so heavy to hold, so terribly thick. The story is a long one. The present reviewer recalls when, as a boy, he went through it himself word for word (at a time when the mechanics of reading were far behind the interest in what was read) in an edition which was more agreeable to handle. Yet the present issue of this children's classic is clear in type, wide in margin—fine in all the ways of book-making except for the heaviness of the paper, and the loose insertion of the illustrations—which are so easily detached, when eager hands turn pages.

In similar richness is the issue of "Robinson Crusoe," with very striking pictures by Noel Pocock, the same artist who has illustrated for the Doran's an edition of Grimm's Fairy-Tales. Mr. Pocock stage-sets his pictures very graphically, as witness the fairy-tales. It seems unfortunate that books, so worthy in many ways, should be difficult for child hands to hold unless the weight of the volume is resting on a desk.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS. By Jane Porter. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated in full color by N. C. Wyeth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

How eagerly children already acquainted with the sumptuous yearly issues of the classics, illustrated by Wyeth, will reach for this year's publication of "The Scottish Chiefs"—a story which probably is not read as widely as it should be, but which, in its glorification of William Wallace, has never failed to hold the interest of the boy eager for a good historical novel. Whatever the editorial curtailment—and one recalls with what sympathy the shortening of "Westward Ho?" was done—we are sure that Mrs. Wiggins and her sister have attempted nothing to harm the flow of the narrative. In fact their statement is to the effect that they have only taken these hindrances from the text which do not seem to them necessary for the even progress of the story. Jane Porter and her contemporary writers loved to "pad." This padding is removed for the modern, swifter reader. Mr. Wyeth has pictured, with dashing color and dramatic sense, the high spots of this story. The edition is worthy and the story is worthy. What more could one want for a juvenile book?

THE LITTLE MAN WITH ONE SHOE. By Margery Bailey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.25 net.

The one who tells these stories is the man with one shoe; his grandfather was the fairy shoemaker, and, of course, the business came to him. While making shoes, with every wooden peg driven in, he tells a story, and for every story, he asks for a song. So the present volume is a combination of fairy-tales, six in number, and a corresponding number of songs, with music. The book is illustrated in line drawings.

THE THANKFUL SPICERS. By Agnes May Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

This story recounts the home life of a good family known as the Spicers. It is full of small village atmosphere, and what will please older girl readers, there is a love interest in it.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND AND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS. By Lewis Carroll. With illustrations by John Tenniel. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

This is a very welcome reprint of the two famous stories under one cover, and carrying with them all the original illustrations made by Tenniel. In the day of re-pictured Alices, it is well to drive home the one supreme delineator of the Wonderland characters.

THE ELEPHANT GOD. By Gordon Casserly. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Here is an author who has lived some twenty-five years in the jungle of the Terai Forest, fighting elephants and snakes, and knowing all the Indian ferment of treacherous Rajahs and faithless Bengalese. His story has the thrill of first-hand observation. He has many strange tales to tell of the ways of elephants.

PUSS-IN-BOOTS, JR., AND THE GOOD GRAY HORSE. By David Cory. New York: Harper & Brothers. 75c.

Puss in Boots has run through many little volumes by Mr. Cory. There is the conventional fairy element through his Twilight Tales, and yet he is modern enough to bring into his service whatever mechanical device of modern invention he has at hand. How Puss finds the good gray horse which is stolen from him is told in a fanciful manner.

BOLIVAR BROWN. By Bide Dudley. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.60 net.

The illustrations alone, made by Harry Wood, would suggest to the casual hunter for a book of humor, that the present story is full of mischief. And strange to say the heroes of this tale are from Missouri—which seems to breed fictional "cronies" like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, and now Bolivar and Skeets.

OUR DOG FRIENDS. Retold from "St. Nicholas." New York: The Century Co. $1.25.

Dogs of all kinds, loved and tested by the young readers of *St. Nicholas* in the past years, are here housed between covers, and a varied collection of tales is the result.

WELSH FAIRY-TALES. By William Elliot Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.60.

Mr. Griffis has heretofore written Swiss, Dutch and Belgian fairy-tales. In the present volume he continues his international folk hunt. He has a streak of Welsh in him, and he claims that King Arthur and his Knights were all Welshmen, and here he tries to show that the best elves and fairies all came from Wales.

BOY HUNTERS IN DEMERARA. By George Inness Hartley. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

A story of wild life and hunting in British Guiana, in which the jungle is pictured in graphic colors. Exciting ad-

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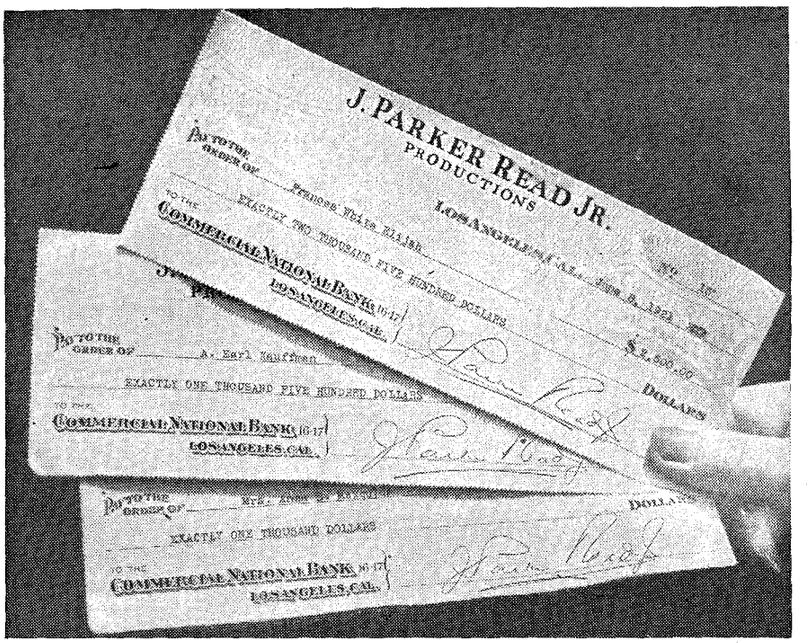

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ventures surround the characters, and make even a city chap, who wears white flannels in dark places, change his ways.

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CATTY ATKINS: RIVERMAN. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.60 net.

This is what the publishers, on their wrapper, call a "he-book," for regular fellows. Labor troubles and loggers' feuds form the graphic background for Catty's prowess and quick wit.

THE DONOVAN CHANCE. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.60.

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A TREASURY OF FLOWER STORIES. By Inez N. McFee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 75c.

There are various anthologies which afford the editor opportunity to group literature and folklore under heads to satisfy many tastes. The fairy element centered around flowers—their traditions and mythology—is here dealt with in a compact little volume. A real garden of fancy is suggested.

IN THE TIGER'S LAIR. By Leo E. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

The author has written a previous story, "The Hidden People," of which this is a sequel, though it may be read independently. The atmosphere of Incan autocracy surrounds the characters who are led through exciting adventures after they fall in the hands of a new king. How they undermined the power of this monarch is told in a series of exciting chapters.

THE CASTAWAYS OF BANDA SEA. By Warren H. Miller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

If you want to know what happens to a sea captain and his son, when they are captured by the Sea Dyaks of Dutch Borneo, consult Mr. Miller's story. There are many thrills of uncertainty in the course of this narrative.

THE CUCKOO CLOCK AND CARROTS: JUST A LITTLE BOY. Both volumes by Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Walter Crane. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00 each.

These two stories are special favorites of the nursery, quaint in atmosphere and sympathetic in their understanding of youthful character. They are both welcome reprints.

ADELE DORING AT BOARDING SCHOOL. By Grace May North. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.75.

This is the third volume in a series. The heroine is the head and front of a "Sunnyside Club," whose motto is, "The only

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A story of mystery, in which a deserted bungalow and a bronze box, carved like a dragon, play important parts. Two girls and a boy, with a strange third girl, are the chief participants in the exciting adventures, and the Oriental strain of China enters the narrative. Mrs. Seaman has written several mystery stories for children.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Son. $1.75.

Action such as one finds in the moving-picture dominates this story of the clash between cattlemen and rustlers of a far Western range. The hero finds himself in the thick of it, unjustly accused of sympathy with the rustlers. The heroine is the daughter of one of the leading cattlemen.

BROTHER ESKIMO. Alan Sullivan. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

A story, written by one who knows the Frozen North. The heroes are detached from an ice-floe on which an Eskimo village is built, and the adventures that follow force them to learn the habits of strange animals and the science of pursuit.

AT GREENACRES. THE QUEER LITTLE MAN. THE BOTTLE IMP. POPPY'S PLUCK. Being four volumes in a series known as "The Jack-in-the-Box Books." By Marion Ames Taggart. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.50 net each.

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NEIGHBOR—"Why! I did not know any one went to the hospital for a bad headache!"

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"There seems to be so much of her that is having a good time."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

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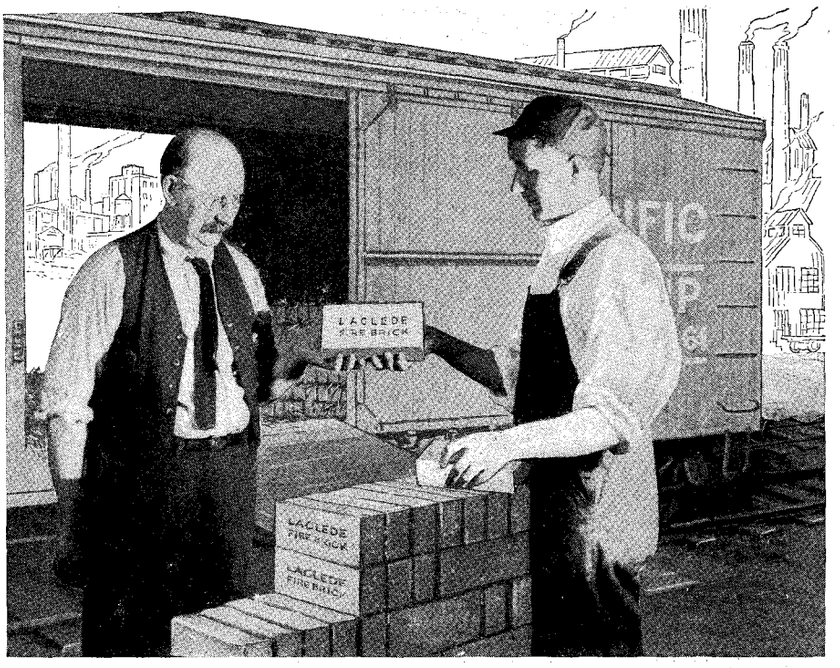

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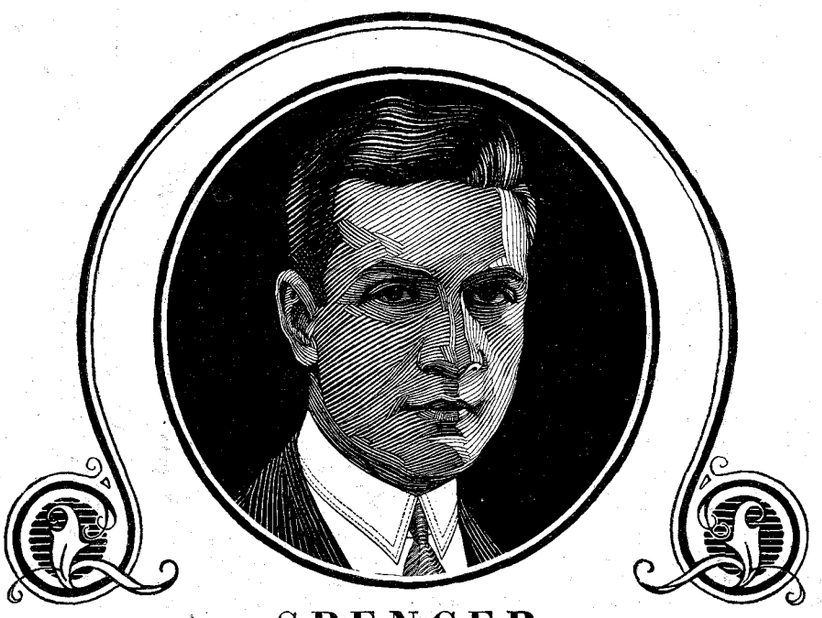

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

ARE WE ALL LAZY?

YES! replies the editor of *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York)). Not physically perhaps, but almost always mentally. He quotes as typical of most of us the confession of a college professor, an energetic worker, who yet admitted that he was guilty of mental laziness. "I have to drive myself to mental work," he said. "I go out to the wood pile and really enjoy working it up into small size. Gardening is a pleasure to me. A hike across the country is a delight. My muscles seem to be as ravenous for exercise as my stomach is for food; but when it comes to real brain work, I have to drive myself. When I attempt to follow a definite trend of thought, my mind starts off on a tangent in the line of least resistance, and I am constantly under the necessity of forcing it back into profitable action." The writer goes on:

So much for the confession of a man whose mind was more than usually alert. Fiction, fun, entertainment, the movies, *anything*, in fact, to keep the mind active in an easy diverting way—anything but real mental work. And this man's confession might well be the confession of the human race. But perhaps we find that the most active minds have only occasional times of real hunger for acquisition. For the rest of the time during which work is accomplished it is done as it was in the case of Professor D.—by means of rigorous self-discipline. There must be some motive: the ambition to finish a college course, perhaps to complete it with highest honors; the determination to succeed in some other line; or the stimulus of strong rivalry. Usually there is some compelling force outside the mere acquisition of knowledge that goads one on to his work.

So we may freely admit that by nature man is mentally lazy, and that this mental inertia is something that must be overcome in order to achieve success. The line of resistance leads to parties, to the movies, to social affairs, to this, that and the other, until we deceive ourselves into believing that we have no time for serious work. If we will be honest with ourselves we will admit that we have as much time as the person who is making a success; but we do not want to overcome our mental laziness, preferring the ease, the "good time," the "hail-fellow-well-met"—anything, in fact, to strenuous mental work; and our plea of "no time" is a mere camouflage by which we are trying to deceive ourselves and others.

Mental efficiency is defined by the writer as the ability to meet new situations as they arise. It is—or should be—the characteristic which distinguishes man from the animals. The fact is, man too often reacts by habit, just as an animal does. One does not attempt to drive an automobile in a crowded street until his control of the machine has become automatic. If he has not formed fixt habits he is more likely

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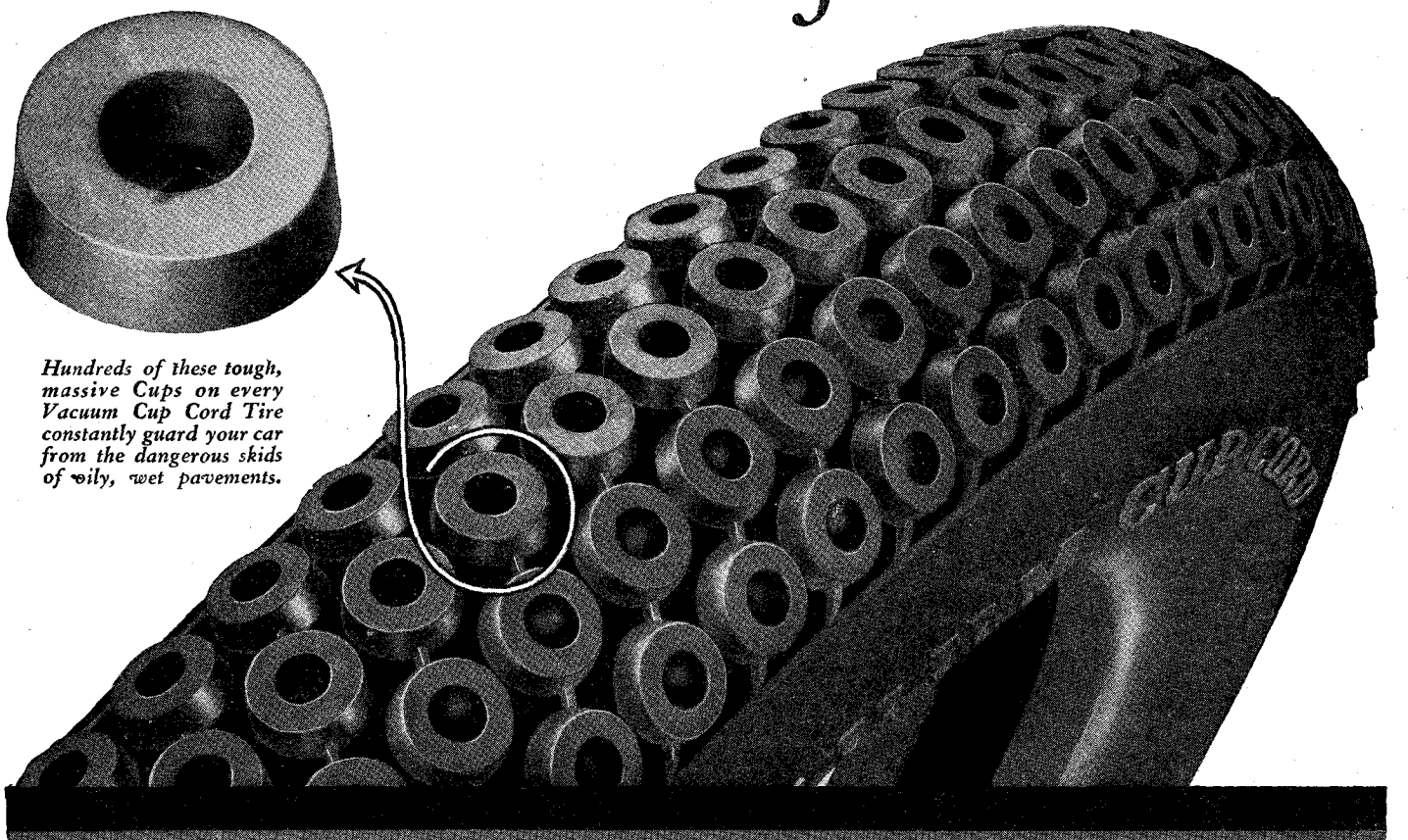

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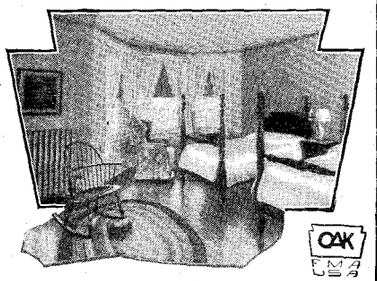

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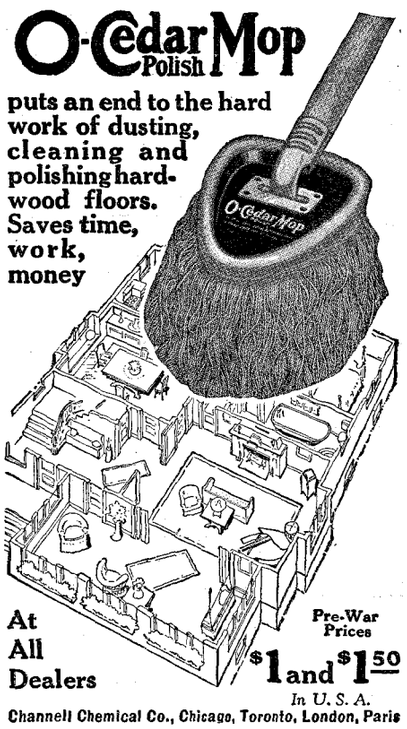

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

than not, in an emergency, to do the wrong thing. He goes on:

We are all creatures of habit. We frequently meet certain situations, and we have habitual methods of meeting them. If we are thrown into a situation entirely strange to us, we are almost sure to do the wrong thing. Let a person who is unaccustomed to swimming fall into deep water. Altho he may have read or heard that a few motions with his hands *under the water* will keep him afloat, he will throw his hands out of the water, just the thing he should *not* do, and unless help comes he will drown. In about as sensible a way we meet any new situation. If we form an adjustment it is usually an inferior adjustment, by the method of trial-and-error, the same method that a rat or a cat or any other animal will use if placed in a new situation. Such a thing as studying the matter and mentally working out the best method of meeting it is one of the rarest of phenomena. The men who are capable of so using their minds to meet situations are our great inventors like Edison, our wizards like Burbank; and yet even such men as these do much of their work by trial-and-error.

There is probably hardly a task in our daily routine, no matter how often we have performed it, that could not be done more quickly, more efficiently, and with less wear and tear. We have stumbled into habits of doing things which, if motion pictures could be made of them and slowed down for study, we should see are clumsy and wasteful in the extreme, and yet we flatter ourselves that we are reasoning animals. Reason is one of the rarest things with us. Our daily lives, as well as our minds, run in ruts, which deepen as we grow older.

All this is in illustration of the fact that it is easier for us to work by rote, by rule of thumb, by trial-and-error, by the formation of habits which are only approximately economical, than it is for us to think and plan. In other words, we all of us are too lazy to use our minds efficiently; and probably as regards the ordinary affairs of life, even our Edisons and our Burbanks are open to the same criticism. Possibly the story related of Newton that he made a hole in the door to admit the cat and then beside it a smaller hole to admit the kittens is not far-fetched. Few of us, even of our wise ones, use our brains efficiently. An illustration of the fact that man ordinarily does not use his reasoning powers is in the prevalence of superstitious ideas regarding bad luck or good luck.

Professor James has called attention to the fact that we all have unutilized and unsuspected qualities. It is only in some crisis that all our powers are called out; and at such a time the hormones (or whatever they are that are poured out to stimulate) urge one person on to superhuman activity while they paralyze another.

The important fact for us to realize is that we are all high-pressure machines, but that we habitually run at low pressure, and only rarely do we suspect the possibilities that are enfolded in our organism ready to be used.

But we are lazy; we are content to live a life of partial success. We measure ourselves with those around us, excuse ourselves for not doing more, and gradually

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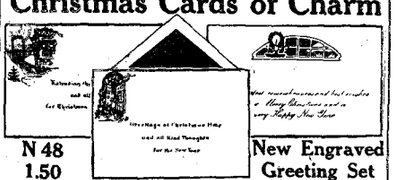

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but surely get into a rut of semi-inactivity, which gives us a far lower place in the scale of accomplishment than is within our reach.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN CHINA

THE dedication of the Peking Union Medical College by the Rockefeller Foundation on September 19 is announced by a press bulletin issued by its Information Service (New York). It is not easy for a Westerner, we are told, to appreciate the tremendous difficulties which have to be overcome in introducing modern medicine into China. One of the difficulties is the deeply rooted belief, handed down for forty centuries, that the medical profession is not of first-rate importance. Such a sentiment can not be changed overnight, but beginnings have already been made by the work of various medical institutions in China. The modern buildings and efficient organization of the medical college just dedicated will help to dispel the belief that the medical profession is necessarily degrading. Says the writer:

The Chinese people generally have an apathetic and fatalistic attitude toward sickness and disease. Like our forefathers only a few generations ago, they are willing to believe that illness is a visitation of Providence for the punishment of their transgressions. As long as such views prevail there can be no real progress.

Chinese medicine is to a large extent a matter of tradition rather than of science. Throughout China native physicians toy with life and death with childlike faith in the principles of medicine laid down by the mythical Yellow Emperor, Huang-ti, about 2696 B.C., while hundreds of millions of people are still content to be treated in accordance with precepts, dating back for centuries, filled with many of the most palpable absurdities and mingled with charms and mystic diagrams in profusion.

China from time immemorial has had practitioners of the healing art, but, as they are subject to no legal requirements, any one who wishes may call himself a physician and practise as he pleases. A common method of treatment is to puncture the body with needles. According to the "Golden Mirror," as the official text-book is called, life is but a balancing of powerful principles. As long as these principles are properly balanced, health is maintained, but once their equilibrium is disturbed, disease is certain to result. By puncturing the body with a needle at the proper point, according to this theory, the balance of principles can be maintained. The student of acupuncture must learn the proper place to insert the needle for each of the various diseases.

Unless the native physician can have access to laboratories and operating rooms, unless he can maintain professional and personal relations with competent and high-minded colleagues, unless he can count upon a certain confidence in Western methods on the part of his fellow countrymen, a scientific medical course has slight chance of permanent and worthy success in China. Conservatism, faith in native medicine, family demands for quick commercial returns, absence of publicly enforced standards, temptation to compromise and quackery, beset the path of the Chinese doctor who undertakes to practise scientific medicine in his native land.

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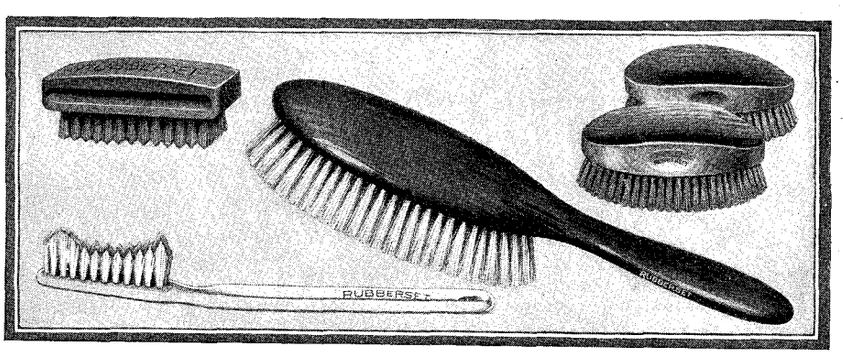

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TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROADS THE WORLD NEEDS

THE announcement of the departure of a corps of American railroad builders to begin the construction in Bolivia of a line to connect the railway system of Argentina with those of Bolivia, Peru and Northern Chile, calls forth comment from *The Trade Record* of the National City Bank of New York, on the aid which new railway construction seems likely to bring to the food-producing power of the great land masses of the world in which railways are still insufficient. There seem to be plenty of steamships on the oceans and motor cars and trucks on the roads, so that "the cry ing need of the interior of all the continents except North America and Europe is for more railways to connect their fertile acres with the water's edge."

We are reminded that North America and Europe are the only parts of the world amply supplied with railroads. And "when it is remembered that South America with an area two and half times that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, has a railway mileage less than one-fourth of our own; that Africa is nearly four times as big as the United States and has a mileage but twelve per cent. of our own; that all Asia has nearly six times our area and eight times our population, but has only one-fourth the railway mileage of the United States; and that Australia with an area equal to our own has a mileage only one-tenth of that of the United States, the possibilities of enlarging their producing and therefore their purchasing power by connecting their vast, and in many cases fertile, areas with the water's edge are beyond calculation."

In North America Canada and Mexico have each two transcontinental railway systems. Much of the prosperity of our own country has come from the activity of the great railroads which form a network from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and the Rockies. While there is no single railroad system, like the Canadian Pacific, stretching across the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, our various systems cooperate to run freight trains from seaboard to seaboard and to transport passengers from New York to California in less than a week.

Nicaragua has an ocean-to-ocean system connecting up rail, lake and river routes. Costa Rica has a line across the Isthmus, and the Panama railway, which parallels the Canal, is said to be doing a large business. But—

South America, with its great fertile interior, has at present but one transcontinental railway line, that which extends from Valparaiso on the Pacific to the Argentine system centering at Buenos Aires, and it is frequently blocked for several weeks by the winter storms. The proposed new line now being constructed by American capital in Bolivia to connect the Argentine system with those touching the Pacific in Peru and northern Chile will supply to South America a second transcontinental line at a point so much nearer the equator as to prevent the probability of suspension of its operation by winter storms.

Africa, with an area 50 per cent. greater than that of South America, is still without distinct transcontinental lines, tho the recent linking up of German Southwest Africa with the railway systems of British South Africa and the Transvaal renders possible rail transportation across the southern part of that continent from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. In the former German East Africa, now designated Tanganyika, a railway line from Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean touches Lake Tanganyika, from the western shores of which a comparatively short rail line would reach the navigable waters of the Congo and thus give a through rail-and-water system from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. Of the long-talked-of "Cape-to-Cairo" line by which through traffic is promised by rail from Capetown to the lakes of Central Africa and thence by rail and river to Cairo, about 4,000 miles of road is now completed and 2,000 miles of steamship lines in operation, leaving but 650 miles to link up the two systems, while a railway line which swings from Constantinople around the eastern end of the Mediterranean through Palestine already connects northeastern Africa with Europe by way of Asia Minor.

Eurasia, as the great continent composed of Europe and Asia is now described by geographers, has at present but one ocean-to-ocean line, the Trans-Siberian, which connects the waters of the Atlantic at Petrograd with those of the Pacific at Vladivostok, while a branch extending southward through China touches the Pacific at Port Arthur.

In southern Eurasia another great transcontinental system is planned and more nearly approaching completion than is generally recognized. This through system would utilize the great European lines centering at Constantinople, thence by the Bagdad railway to the mouth of the Euphrates, thence by steamer to Karachi, the western terminus of the Indian railway system, thence by rail through India and Upper Burma to Kunlong, on the southwestern frontage of China, from which point a line is projected to Chung-king at the head of navigation on the Yangtse Kiang River. Thus the construction of about 150 miles of line to complete the Constantinople-to-Bagdad railway, plus some 750 miles in China would complete the through rail-and-water line from London to Shanghai.

In Australia a transcontinental line connecting the waters of the Indian Ocean at the west with those of the Pacific at its eastern frontage has just been completed, and a north-to-south transcontinental line to connect Port Adelaide at the south with Darwin on the northern frontage has been begun but will require considerable time for its completion across the desert separating the northern and southern frontages of that continent.

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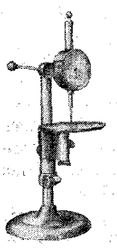
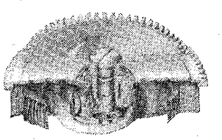


Upright Gauge



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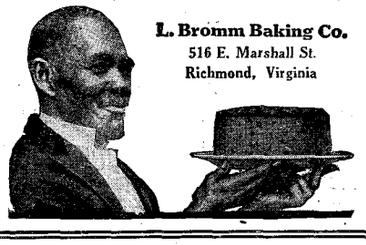

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 19.—Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France, receives a bomb sent through the mail by communists protesting against the conviction of two Italian murderers in Massachusetts. His valet is injured by the explosion.

Several Cabinet members are killed in a revolutionary movement against the Portuguese Government, which is forced to resign, a new Cabinet being constituted on a non-partizan basis.

Pope Benedict and King George of England exchange messages praying for the success of the Irish peace conference.

October 20.—Communist demonstrations against Americans are reported all over Europe, and extraordinary precautions are taken to guard American embassies.

Eamon De Valera, Irish Republican leader, protests to the Pope that the Irish people owe no allegiance to the British king.

The decision of the Council of the League of Nations, it is announced, divides the plebiscite area in Upper Silesia in almost equal parts between Poland and Germany as to the number of communes, and provides administrative machinery for the new régime for 15 years.

October 21.—Paris communists struggle with the police in an unsuccessful attempt to hold a mass meeting, and seven police are injured by a bomb.

October 22.—Ex-King Charles of Hungary and the ex-Queen reach Oedenburg after an air flight from Switzerland, in a second attempt to regain the throne.

The Wirth government in Germany resigns, following the decisions of the League of Nations in regard to Upper Silesia.

M. Dimitroff, Bulgarian Minister of War, his chauffeur, and two companions are assassinated.

A ten-Power agreement to uphold the neutrality of the Aland Islands, which have been awarded to Finland, has been signed at Geneva, it is announced.

October 23.—Former King Charles, of Hungary, advances towards Prague, and is met with sharp resistance.

October 24.—Ex-King Charles and ex-Queen Zita are captured and imprisoned by the troops of Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian regent, and the invading force is defeated.

October 25.—The Swiss Government announces that it will never permit former Emperor Charles and ex-Empress Zita to seek asylum in Switzerland again.

Julius Wirth, who resigned the German chancellorship on Saturday, is designated by President Ebert to form a new cabinet.

DOMESTIC

October 19.—The Pennsylvania system division of the United Brotherhood Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop Laborers decide to take no part in the proposed railroad strike.

President Harding visits Yorktown, Virginia, in commemoration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and afterwards receives the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the College of William and Mary.

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Generalissimo Armando Vittorio Diaz, head of the Italian Army, arrives in New York to attend the American Legion's annual convention.

October 20.—The American Railroad Men's Association, embracing 10,000 yard-masters, yard conductors and switchmen, appeals to all railroad unions to call off the proposed strike and accept the wage cut ordered by the Railroad Labor Board.

October 21.—The United States Railroad Labor Board assumes full jurisdiction in the rail crisis and orders the workers not to strike, pending a conference of union heads and rail chiefs called for October 26.

Earl Beatty, Admiral of the British Grand Fleet, arrives in New York as a guest of the American Legion and as a British representative at the Washington Arms Conference. Eleutherios Venizelos, war-time Premier of Greece, arrives on the same ship to visit America.

October 22.—Officials of eight railroad unions, comprising more than half of the rail employees of the nation in their membership, announce they will not join in the strike called for October 30 by the "Big Five" organization. Meanwhile switchmen and brakemen on the International and Great Northern, in Texas, walk out.

The Interstate Commerce Commission hands down a decision directing a reduction of freight rates for wheat and hay, and announces that hereafter, instead of making its freight rates applicable to operating costs, the Commission will be guided by the reasonableness and justice of freight rates. The reductions are expected to be made by November 20.

Income surtaxes graduated up to and including net incomes of $200,000, after which the surtax is to be 50 per cent. of the net taxable income, are approved by the Senate by a vote of 54 to 13.

The Secretary of War announces that the Government will retain approximately 5,600 officers and men in the occupied area of Germany for an indefinite period, the remainder to be withdrawn gradually.

October 23.—Officials of the Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees, representing 350,000 men, vote not to strike.

October 24.—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon signs the regulations legalizing the use of beer, wine, and spirits for medical purposes.

The United States Supreme Court refuses the appeal of A. C. Townley and Joseph Gilbert, president and manager respectively of the Nonpartizan League, convicted of disloyalty, and they must go to jail for 90 days.

The House adopts the foreign debt refunding bill by a vote of 199 to 117.

October 25.—The Committee of the Association of Railway Executives, in conference with the United States Railroad Labor Board, refuses the Board's request that the roads temporarily postpone seeking further wage reduction.

A hurricane sweeps Tampa, Florida, and causes damage amounting to $1,000,000.

The Senate votes, 39 to 28, against retaining the excess profits tax after July 1, at the present rates.

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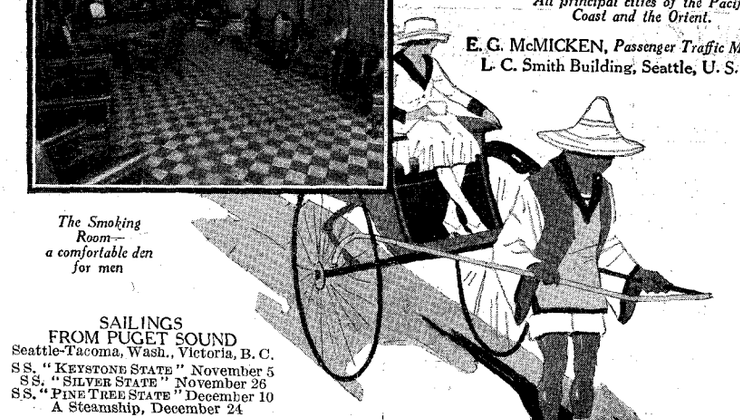

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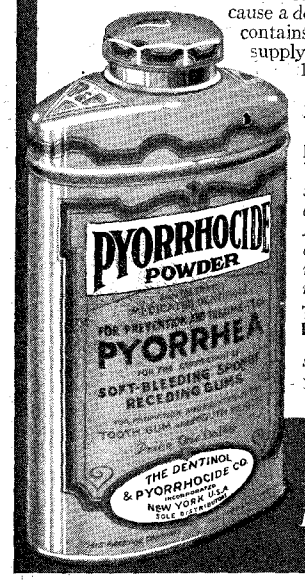

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Where It Falls Down.—PROF.—"Do you believe in a more elastic currency?"

SCHOL.—"No, it's elastic enough. Why not make it more adhesive?"—*The Owl.*

The Real Job.—"What's this new conference they're going to have in America?"

"Oh, they're going to make peace among the Allies."—*The Christian Register, Boston.*

A Limit Sentence.—LAWYER—"Will $25,000 for breach of promise be punishment enough for him?"

THE AGGRIEVED—"No, I want him to marry me."—*The Owl.*

Striking Combination.—"There's a perfect match."

"That couple over there?"

"Yes; she's a spitfire and he's a stick."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

In Chicago.—"Arrest that man. He's impersonating an officer."

"But how do you know he's not a genuine officer?"

"He refused to sell me any liquor."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Geneology of the Squawk.—"Whom does the baby resemble?"

"Well, he has my wife's eyes and my nose, but I can't imagine where he got his voice, unless it was from my motor siren."—*London Opinion.*

Soft-Hearted Landlord.—"Why do you object to children in your apartment-house?"

"As a matter of kindness. People who are raising families can't be expected to pay the rentals I require."—*Washington Star.*

The Language of Love.—FIRST BARBER—"Nasty cut you've given that old gent, Bill."

SECOND DITTO—"Yes. I'm courtin' his 'ousemaid—that's to let 'er know I can see 'er Tuesday night!"—*The Passing Show (London.)*

Dangerous Symptoms.—A contemporary gives the following advice to its delinquent subscribers: "If you have frequent fainting-spells, accompanied by chills, cramps, corns, bunions, chilblains, epilepsy, and jaundice, it is a sign that you are not well and liable to die any minute. Pay your subscription in advance, and thus make yourself solid for a good obituary notice." We pass the advice along for any of our subscribers who may have observed these symptoms, or any of them, in themselves.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

A Great Light.—The skipper was examining an ambitious gob who wanted to be a gunner's mate.

"How much does a six-pound shell weigh?" he asked.

"I don't know," the gob confest.

"Well, what time does the twelve o'clock train leave?"

"Twelve o'clock."

"All right then, how much does a six-pound shell weigh?"

"Ah," said the youthful mariner, a great light dawning on him. "Twelve pounds."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

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